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OBSERVATIONS ON CORN LAWS,  
ON  
POLITICAL PRAVITY AND INGRATITUDE,  
AND ON  
*Clerical and Personal Slander;*  
IN THE SHAPE OF  
A MEEK AND MODEST REPLY  
TO THE  
SECOND LETTER  
OF THE  
EARL OF SHREWSBURY, WATERFORD, AND WEXFORD,  
TO AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS, ESQ.

BY DANIEL O'CONNELL,  
LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

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"Oh well may we call her, like thee, the 'Forsaken :'  
" Her boldest are vanquished, her proudest are slaves,  
" And the harps of her minstrels when gayest they waken,  
" Have breathings as sad as the wind over graves."

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#### NOTE.

It may seem strange to those who are ignorant how this controversy arose, that I should reply to the *second* letter of Lord Shrewsbury without taking any notice of the *first*. I wish such persons to know the fact. The first letter was on a subject totally different from the second. It related to miraculous marks appearing on each of two pious women in the Tyrol, resembling the wounds our ever adorable Redeemer received in his awful passion. Lord Shrewsbury has in that letter given his evidence in favour of the authenticity of these miracles, and adduced also the testimony to the same effect, of other respectable persons. It is a mere question of fact, depending at present upon human testimony; a matter of fact which every Catholic is of course at liberty to believe or disbelieve according to his own judgment.

For my own part, I confess I think the evidence quite sufficient to satisfy my mind of the reality of these miracles. It seems to me to require something like habitual incredulity, to enable a man to resist the evidence of the persons who attest the fact. But still I must say I think Lord Shrewsbury much to blame. He ought not to have brought forward these miracles before the English public, and left them where they are—the objects of much ribaldry and insult. He is, I must say, having gone so far, *bound* to go farther; and to have a farther and perfectly impartial investigation on the spot.

What I should suggest is this: that he should endeavour to procure two intelligent gentlemen from the "Tractarians" of Oxford, and two others from the "Evangelicals" of Cambridge. To pay the expenses of their journey ought to be a pleasure to him. Let him lead them to the spot, and there with them investigate each case fully. I do believe that the result would be favourable to his views. But I really think he ought to have some investigation of this kind, as well for the sake of his own character as for that of Catholicity; though the latter cannot suffer by a mistake of his on such a point, even if it be a mistake.



## TO THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY,

&c. &c.

MY LORD,

I love the Jesuits—I admire the Jesuits—the greatest benefactors to religion and to literature that the world ever saw. There is a shrewd compactness in the way they embody common sense, greatly to be prized. One of their maxims is, “*that there is no theologian so dangerous to religion as a VERY PIOUS FOOL.*” The Jesuit who uses this phrase, does not intend personal offence to any individual; nor, certainly, do I! I use the expression, not as a description or designation: but, admitting to the fullest extent your lordship’s piety, I give it as a caution. Do, my lord, I implore you, beware how you mix up foolishness with your sentiments of devotion!

But whatever course *you* shall please to take, you have addressed me so often in your pamphlet, and with such scant courtesy, that you compel me to reply. My complaints are many, but this is my first grievance. I might bear other evils, but I cannot endure that you should have loudly entered your protest, even “*upon religious grounds.*” against the abolition of the Corn Laws. You have, for the first time, arrayed Catholicity against a concession to the poor and the starving; you have summoned the English Catholics; and you have more than insinuated, even by the multiplication of your titles of honour, a call on the Catholics of Ireland, to join with you in the sustainment of those laws, which have been characterized (and I think justly) as “*the plunder of the poor for the benefit of the rich.*”

I bitterly deplore that you should take such a part. I pay the most unfeigned respect to your motives; to your charitable disposition; to your animated religious feelings; but I am thoroughly convinced that you act most unwisely—that you stain and tarnish, and, I fear, deeply injure the sacred cause of Catholicity.

The reasons of my conviction are these. For the first time in the modern history of Catholicity, are the English Catholics called upon, as such, to take part in the political pravity of supporting taxation, and of transferring their attachment from statesmen who have ever been their friends, to public men who—we are gratuitously told—are to be no longer their enemies. For the first time, you introduce politics into the very sanctuary. And *what* politics? politics whose frightful consequence is to

enhance the price of bread to those who have but little to eat! and to sustain in office the narrow-minded haters of Catholicity—the men who have trafficked on that hatred, until they jobbed on it into power!

You would array the Catholics in this most unseemly warfare; an inglorious warfare even if successful. Not like the Talbots in their battles of old, you, my lord, with pure intentions, but alas! with perverted ingenuity, would strew your battle field with the carcasses of starved manufacturers.

You have indeed placed yourself in a deplorable position. Because, although it must be admitted by every body who knows any thing of you, that you are reasonably free from sordid or selfish motives; yet your position is that of a man who contends against feeding the poor, in order that he may increase his own means, and augment his own rents, and for the accumulation of his own wealth. But by what modes of action, gracious heaven! By taking from the poor more money for his bread, than that poor person would be otherwise obliged to pay for it! By coming to the table of the wretched widow with a small fixed income, and telling her and her hungry children that before they taste their bread, there must be a toll paid to your lordship, and your co-proprietors of the land! And that the crumbs that are greedily devoured upon her table shall be fewer in number, lest *your* class should not have so much money as at present, to put into your landlord-pocket.

This, my lord, is the unhappy position in which you are placed. I unfeignedly assure you, I deplore—I bitterly deplore that so charitable and benevolent a man as you are, should have placed yourself in so unamiable a position. But I ought to weep more bitterly at the position in which you place Catholicity; in which *you*, a moral and religious man, place the faith you profess—the glorious faith of your fathers. Catholicity was ever the promoter of every species of charity. It allures, by the brightest reward, it commands under the most awful sanction, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to visit the prisoner, to assuage the sufferings of the sick. Such are the “good works,” which, (duly performed) are, according to Catholic doctrine, meritorious in the concerns of eternity.



Yet—in what an attitude do you call upon the Catholics of England to place themselves? The poor man is sick from the faintness arising from his scanty food; and the English Catholics are to proclaim, under your lordship's auspices, that his bread shall be still more scarce to him! The operative is naked; and you call upon the English Catholics to tell him that his bread shall be so dear, that all his earnings shall scarce suffice for food, and that there shall be no residue to purchase clothing! As to imprisonment, your poor-houses *are* prisons; and, alas! my lord, you taunt with insult those who, like me, do not relish the imprisonment of a poor-house. As to the hungry; why, the gospel precepts are to be worked out in favour of the hungry, by making their food as scarce and as dear as the suffering multitude *will* endure.

Had you written and published your pamphlet as a private individual of ancient family and high rank; had you published it as a landlord, or as a peer of parliament; had you confined it to *arguments* (such as they are!) to statistics, such as they may be; or to political economy, such as it ought to be; you might, my lord—at least I hope and believe you might, as far as I am concerned—have indulged yourself in as many insults and insinuations respecting me as you pleased, unscathed and unanswered. But your trumpet-sounds call Catholicity to battle along with you.

My complaint ought to be, (and my chief complaint *is*) that you have sought to array Catholicity on the worst side of the worst cause that public penman ever supported; that you have thrown into the scale of the rich and the lordly, against the lowly and the poor, that influence which your ancient rank and high station, your generous and benevolent private character, entitled you to possess among the Catholics of England, in order,—you have done so in order to induce them to adopt the worst part, and to be solicitous about bad things.

This, however, my lord, is too sacred a cause to be abandoned. There is an awful duty to be performed. You *shall not*, my lord—you *SHALL NOT* bring Catholicity into the ranks of the ungenerous and the sordid. You may go over yourself. You may be found, (alas the day!) among those ungenial ranks! But Catholicity still shall elevate her heavenly banner in her proper station. Even I—ungifted as I am—will wipe off the stain you have flung upon her scutcheon; and proclaim that Catholicity still is, as she ever was—at the side of the people; the mitigator of poverty and the comforter of the distressed; the opponent of aristocratic selfishness; the true guardian of the poor of the Lord.

See, Great Earl! what a glorious example the Catholic farmers of Ireland have set to men in higher station. It has often been said that the Irish head is not unfrequently wrong, but that the Irish heart is always in the right.

I doubt the former—I know the truth of the latter assertion. The Irish Catholic farmers did not enter into any minute details. They knew full well by the experience of every one of them, that the oft repeated allegation that Corn Laws increase the rate of wages, was totally false; the wages in Ireland being of the lowest. They know that cheap bread does not make wages diminish. They—the Irish farmers—knew full well, that “*nothing can be politically right that is morally wrong.*” And they, with cordial unanimity, supported the abolishers of the Corn Laws. My lord, I mean not to offend you; but I glory in the contrast between you and the Irish Catholic farmers.

Permit me, my lord, to cite my own situation as a public man, as one of the proofs that vindicate Catholicity from the selfishness of Corn Law advocacy. I have ever been upon principle, and for reasons of humanity, the decided advocate of the total abolition of the tax upon bread. A fixed duty would, in my mind, be nothing more than a fixed injustice; and if, having no other choice, I am found voting for the Eight shilling duty, it is only as a substitute for the greater and the gambling iniquity of the sliding scale; and as an instalment of that justice which cannot be complete, without a total abolition of all toll or duty upon human food; whether that tax be imposed to relieve the wants of the state, or for the more glaringly iniquitous purpose of augmenting the wealth of the landlords.

Notwithstanding these my opinions, I am at the present moment the representative of two of the largest agricultural communities in Ireland; a significant proof of their coincidence in my views, and approbation of my opinions.

If I have been bitterly ashamed of your lordship's attempt to rank the Catholics on the wrong side in this question, my dissatisfaction does not rest there. I blush deeply at the paucity, and—I am sorry to say it—the shallow sophistry of what you appear to consider arguments in support of the Corn Laws. The grain of wheat in the shape of reason, it is scarcely possible to sift out of the anomalous heaps of chaff, of the same colour and almost in the same quantity, stuffed now in the text and now in the notes, with which you have overlaid the subject.

Your principal argument\* consists in asking, “Why manufacturers of various articles should enjoy their protecting duties of from 20 to 30 per cent. against foreign competition, and yet the manufacture of corn be left without protection?”

I cannot conceal my surprise that any thing so unfair—so replete with *mistake* of facts, should emanate from your lordship. Are you not aware?—surely you must know—that our manufacturers export from England and sell to foreign nations, probably to the value of sixty millions of pounds sterling per annum, of their

\* Pamphlet, p. 38.



manufactured goods. That is, they undersell the people of foreign countries in their own markets to that extent. To talk, therefore, of protection for manufactures under such circumstances, is really, my lord, to talk not wisely. The protection may be in the statute book; but it is as insignificant as if witchcraft were there! Your argument thus is destroyed at the first blush. There is, however, something worse behind: because it is impossible but you must know that the petitions of the manufacturers—the resolutions of great meetings in particular localities, and of delegates from many places, as well as the unanimous voice of the Anti-Corn Law League, with that exceedingly able man, Mr. Cobden, at their head, have, with one consent, disclaimed every species of fiscal protection. This disclaimer of protection has been made so loudly and so often, that you cannot possibly have been ignorant of it. And yet, my lord, you have thought it fair and right and honest, and, above all, *religious*! to found your reasoning, involving the interests of millions, and, in particular, involving the feeding of the hungry poor, upon the basis of an immaterial fact; and which, even if it were material, is totally disclaimed by the manufacturing interests, who have called on the legislature to abolish equally all manufacturing as well as agricultural protection.

The next thing that resembles argument, is your allegation, in substance thus—“*that a monstrous proposition is set up on the plea of religion—namely, that a large portion of our corn-growing land should be thrown out of cultivation, and the labourers thereon thrown upon the towns*”—(p. 39).

I have stripped this assertion of some of the poetic imagining with which you have surrounded it. I wish—I heartily wish I could admit it to be common sense. It is not so—but it has a still greater defect—it is not true! Nobody asserts—not even the “sectarian ministers” whom you charge with combination and agitation—that corn-growing land should be thrown out of cultivation. It is not sought for that any land capable of producing corn, with all the advantages of the home market, should be other than corn-growing land. That which is insisted upon is widely different, and you ought to know it. It is insisted that such land as now grows corn solely by means of an expenditure, which is prompted and compensated for by the unnaturally high price of corn in England created by the Bread Tax, should not have *that* stimulant for the misapplication of its purposes, but should be made to produce other articles of consumption, for which that land is naturally adapted. In the healthy state of the agricultural trade, every species of land will be made to produce that which it is best suited by nature to produce. There is no danger of a want of consumers for every species of agricultural produce. In England the population rapidly increases. You never

will want consumers of the produce of any land cultivated as its nature requires.

In another passage you bring to the aid of exceedingly defective logic, your Catholic and Christian faith. The passage is this; “That the prosperity of both classes (the agricultural and manufacturing) is a reciprocal benefit, cannot be denied; and each ought to look for support from the other.”—Quite true. It should not only be fair and just, but reciprocal. Your lordship’s reciprocity, however, savours of what is called a Hibernian quality, and is “*a reciprocity all on one side*.” You continue: “But the idea of sacrificing the whole landed property of the country, to satisfy the mania for commercial speculation, is indeed *Anti-Catholic and Anti-Christian*.”

No less! Anti-Catholic and Anti-Christian.

For shame, my lord! Oh, for shame! How could you combine the idea of Catholic Christianity with the selfish, and I regret to say, essentially sordid notions that were passing through your mind, when you wrote that phrase? Sacrifice of landed property, forsooth! Answer me—what landed property, or what luxury arising from your landed property do we ask you to sacrifice? Not any term or estate in your lands: not your splendid mansions, or your luxuriant gardens; not your fisheries or your graperies; not your pineries or your pheasant preserves; not your pampered horses or your stall-fed oxen or sheep. Feed and fatten on these, until appetite provoked by every variety of delicacy is satiated, or at least wearied. We require not your green crops or turnip heaps; not your hay or your grass. No—not your wheat, nor your oats, nor your barley. Send these, as our manufacturers do their produce, to every corner of the globe where you can find buyers, send them to the home market or the foreign market, as best suits your interest or your fancy or your caprice. Or, if your wantonness makes you careless, destroy them if you please; or consume them, either yourselves or by your servants, or even by your pigs and poultry. In short, you are free to use or to abuse your lands and their produce, at discretion or caprice.

What property of yours, then, is to be sacrificed? I will tell you—and you ought to blush that it should be necessary for me to tell you! The property of which we demand from you the sacrifice, is nothing in the world but “the privilege to pillage the poorer classes of the community.” What we desire to take away from you, is the power which the Corn Laws iniquitously give you, to compel the operative to pay for your corn a larger price than that which he could get the same article for elsewhere; and yet you assume the air of an awful theologian, and tell us that to take away that power is Anti-Christian and Anti-Catholic.



The wealthy nobleman, "clothed in purple and fine linen," may credit you. *He* may imagine the Catholic religion was so good a thing for the aristocratic classes, that he ought to promote it. But the poor, starving mechanic, who, by reason of your law, has a slice of bread the less to give to each of his children, will despise your reasoning, and may, perhaps, hate that form of faith which *you* obtrude between his hungry family and a full meal. Should he hear your *real* character; should he hear that you really are, as an individual, humane and generous, bountiful and good, may he not on that very account form a loathing against that religion—in itself pure and undefiled—which thus seems to sear your conscience, and which makes you—even *you!* an apostle of starvation, and a preacher of monopoly?

I believe I have now touched upon all that savours of reasoning in your support of the Corn-Laws. You have, it is true, mixed up many details of the statistics of Corn and Currency. But even in that mist of figures, with which you so uselessly surround yourself, the natural benevolence of your disposition breaks out. There is not that iron tenacity about you, which marks the Dukes of Buckingham and Richmond. You are ready to relax the pressure upon the working classes; and that poor and paltry concession, which some others also are ready to make, for the purpose by mitigating harshness to continue delusion, you, from better and purer motives, are willing to concede. Oh! how I should desire to make you perceive, that even the concession so wrung from others, bespeaks the foregone conclusion, that the bread-tax is in its nature too oppressive, to be much longer endured in its present form and pressure.

I do not reply to your statistics on Corn and Currency. I would not take the trouble of confuting some conclusions or elucidating some mistakes. I leave you the full benefit of having them uncommented on and unreplicated to. Yet I fearlessly assert that even you yourself cannot be without some consciousness that the Corn Laws are unchristian and uncatholic, because they are unjust and oppressive. The matter lies in a narrow compass.

*First*—The Corn Laws operate to prevent the workmen in manufactories from earning wages, inasmuch as they prevent the agricultural countries in Europe and America, which want our manufactures, from having a medium of exchange whereby they would obtain these manufactures. If they were allowed to send corn here, they would exchange that corn (or exchange the *price* of it, which is the same thing) for English goods. Thus there would be achieved for England a good with a double aspect. First, it would be good for the English to get an increased quantity of food. Secondly, it would be good for the English to sell an increased quantity of manufactures. But you, my lord, stand in the midst. You will not let

the increased food come in; and you thereby prevent the increased quantity of manufactures from going out. And all this mischief you proclaim and sustain, with "*religion*" dropping from your lips in almost every sentence!

*Secondly*—The crowning injustice of the Corn Laws consists in this: the operative is indebted to Providence for the strength which enables him to labour; and to his own industry for the skill with which he applies that strength. His property is his labour; composed of two elements, strength and skill. There is not in the world a more rightful property. His title is infinitely beyond that derived from the casualties of modern descent, or the chances of ancient plunder. With his skill and labour he has earned money. A limited sum of money it must necessarily be. He wants food for his sustentation and support. He comes into the market for food. It would be the greatest tyranny and iniquity to prevent his buying that food in the market. It is a tyranny and an iniquity, *less only in degree*, but the same in principle, to interpose a tax or other impediment, which compels him to purchase a lesser quantity than he wants, and than he otherwise would be able to purchase. The principle is identically the same; but it would amount in morals to murder by actual starvation, totally to prohibit him. Nor does it appear to me that the guilt is much mitigated by the fact, that the *lesser* process is more slow in its operation, and does not so immediately create death; and only anticipates the period of his demise by the more tedious mode of insufficient sustenance.

The provision-tax, therefore, is in its nature most criminal. It is murderous. It is the most direct violation of the first principles of justice. It is not mitigated even by the fact, that such tax is applied to the necessities of the state and the maintenance of the laws, and thus confers *some* benefit, however remote, upon each individual in that state. The thing is in itself so radically oppressive and unjust, that it is incapable of moral mitigation. However, this tax, though not to be mitigated in its severity by any circumstance, is yet capable of an enormous aggravation of its criminality. This aggravation arises when the tax is not for the benefit of the state or for any public purpose, but is a favour and a benefit given to a particular class of society; when it is levied—not for the expenditure of the government, but for the sole profit of a privileged and insomuch a plundering class; when, in short, it is a protection to a particular interest. The protected person, thus, by the voice of the Corn-law, addresses the workman; "You shall not buy your breakfast, though you have your own hard earned money to buy it with, until you have first paid *me* a heavy tax for liberty to purchase!"

Bread, my lord, is at this moment, in round numbers, at Paris, five pence,—in reality, five pence and a fraction, for the loaf. A loaf of



the same size, weight, and quality, costs in England ten pence. The charges of bringing over from Paris to England the materials to make that loaf, would not increase its price one penny. Thus the English artizan, and every English poor person, is defrauded of fourpence out of ten pence in the price of his loaf. And that four pence is the plain and manifest plunder committed by the grower of English wheat, under the sanction and by the authority of the Corn Law.

I do not mean the least discourtesy to Lord Shrewsbury, but I cannot qualify my terms. This is a robbery—the worst species of robbery. It is the robbery of the poorer classes to enrich the wealthier. You may talk and write about it what you please—it cannot and will not be long endured.

The English people must not be led by my Lord Shrewsbury, or any body else, to believe that the Catholic religion sanctions this robbery; or that the great bulk of the Catholics, even of England, are favourable to this injustice. Self-interest may delude a great man, here and there; associating with other Corn Law plunderers, he may familiarize his mind to the injustice; but the Catholic religion is by no means responsible for his errors. On the contrary, those errors are in direct contradiction to the principles of that holy religion—a religion promotive of all good works, and the instigator of every charity.

Having thus disposed of your very futile attempt, to sustain the hard-hearted iniquity of the Corn Laws, I turn with alacrity to other topics of your pamphlet. I will first take up your solicitation to the Catholics, to forsake the Whigs now that they are defeated, and to give in their adhesion to the Tories now that they are in power. You, with much *naïveté*, ask, "Why should we follow the fallen fortunes of the Whigs?" Strange chivalry, gentle reader, for an Earl of ancient fame!

You really overrate your powers of seduction, and your capacity to create wholesale desertion. Even the question of creating political renegades, smacks in your language—pardon me!—of something like religious pretension. It would seem that you endeavour to make it a point of conscience, that the Catholics should abandon all political gratitude, forsake the fallen fortunes of the Whigs, and adopt, with a servile alacrity, the politics of the Tories.

Here again the Corn Laws seem to obtrude; for it is impossible to discover any other assignable motive for the desertion—in its own nature unprincipled—of the friends of your earlier political life; or for your embracing the malignant foes of your caste and your creed, with a rapidity more remarkable for its abruptness than for its delicacy or decency.

This, indeed, is strange. This whirling rapidity of transition, from the avowed love of gradual amelioration, to the determined resistance to every salutary change, (for that is

Toryism) would appear almost miraculous; but for the political creed, which, in your second page, you announce, in all the emphasis of *italics* hashed up with CAPITALS.

That creed may well indeed be called the slippery scale of politics. There is no political conscience that it may not exactly suit. It is everything, and it is nothing! Here is your magnanimous profession of political faith; I give it *verbatim*. As a matter of curiosity it deserves to be preserved; embalmed amidst the no-meaning absurdities of plausible nothingness! You say, "I always was, and I hope I always shall be, a Whig; by which I mean, *an advocate for the greatest possible degree of civil and religious liberty, and the greatest possible amount of religious toleration, consistent with the institutions, and the condition of the country.*"

There it is—a precious document!—a document which the monster, Emperor Nicholas—who, in one of his sanguinary freaks, swept the streets of Warsaw of, and bore for ever away, the children of Polish mothers; and in another fantastic barbarity, compelled nearly one million of his subjects to apostatize from the Catholic religion,—he, even he, might sign this creed together with the Earl of Shrewsbury. For *he*, too, will give all the civil liberty, and all the religious toleration which he deems consistent with the institutions and the condition of his country. There is no tyrant, no bigot, who may not cry, amen! to your lordship's creed. They are all ready to go every length for civil and religious liberty; provided they be allowed to qualify and to limit it to that which *they* deem consistent with the institutions, and, above all, with the condition of the country. Shakspeare says that your "if" is a great pacificator. Your "condition" is a great neutralizer of all that is valuable in your first assertion. If any measure to promote civil liberty or religious toleration be asked for, the negative reply at once may be,—"*It is not consistent with the institutions of the country—the country is not in a condition for such a change.*"

Really, my lord, it is surprising how a man of your understanding should give us, with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of typographical dignity, such a bundle of unmeaning words. The efficacy with which they can contradict each other, renders the words devoid of any real meaning.

Surely, you cannot have forgotten that these were the very same cant phrases, with which we were met and opposed while struggling for Emancipation. We were met by the bigots and oppressors, then, with the declaration of a great wish to satisfy all his Majesty's subjects in their demands; but how could Emancipation consist with the *institutions* of the country? And then—only think of the *condition* of the country! England was not in a condition to



suffer such a change! Such was then the cry of all our enemies. And the very topics with which you qualify your opinions, would have kept the Catholics of both kingdoms in thralldom for perhaps a century to come, if it had not been for one of us, my lord—you or I—I give you the choice to say which!

I cannot however pass without censure one expression in your creed. Nor can I talk of it with sufficient abhorrence, without violating that personal courtesy which I owe, and am most willing to maintain, towards your lordship. I allude to the word "toleration." Toleration means "permission"—"sufferance." He who claims to be "tolerated" gives up his right of self-assertion. He who talks of "tolerating," assumes that he has the right to refuse permission. Now, my lord, I require the permission of no man, I despise the toleration of any man, for my worship of the adorable Creator and Redeemer, in that pure form in which my conscientious conviction tells me that the truth of God abides. It is *my* right; it is *your* right; it is the right of every Christian man! In fact, the word "toleration" admits the principle of persecution. No man can talk of tolerating another, unless in the assertion of the right to persecute. He who admits he has no right to persecute, gives up, necessarily, all title to tolerate. And I, as a Catholic, abhor and repudiate persecution; and on behalf of the Catholic body, I reject *toleration*. Insisting on my own right, at my own awful responsibility to my Creator and Lord, and to Him alone, to worship Him in the full sincerity of conscientious belief, I assert for every other Christian man precisely the same right at the same awful responsibility.

As I have already, I do hope, cleansed the sacred banner of Catholicity from the stain which you had by your bread-tax advocacy flung upon it—so again do I brighten that banner from the obscurity of your odious word "toleration."

I must not, however, be misunderstood. There is not in this, my assertion of freedom of conscience, the slightest tinge of indifference in matter of religion. On the contrary, no man can be more thoroughly convinced than I am, that it is impossible for any thing to be of so much importance as the truth of the Christian Faith; or that nothing can be comparable in magnitude to the spiritual obligation upon every body to believe and profess the *TRUE* Faith. But this is a question between man and his God. The obligation of belief is not to our fellow-man, but to the Creator of all. And the awful responsibility of which I speak, relates to an eternity of weal or of woe; and to nothing that human government can give or take away.

From this all-important subject, I now descend to the ludicrous nature of your profession of political faith. It is like a nose of wax; it would fit any face. Or perhaps it re-

sembles more the pledge of an anti-teetotaler, who made boast that he never would again get drunk in any man's company, unless he should be a friend, a relation, an acquaintance, or a stranger.

It is, after all, not so much your political *no*-opinions that I arraign. It is the ungenerous counsel that you give to the English Catholics. It is, permit me to add, the ungenerous example—in speaking to any other man, I would call it the *paltry* example—which you hold forth to the British Catholics. You took your place among the partisans of the late administration, so long as they were in office; so long as they basked in royal favour, and that the Sovereign had it in her power to continue them around her. You were their *prosperity* friend. But, now that they have fallen into adversity; now that the Queen has been compelled to send them back again into the ranks of private life; now that they have no longer ministerial rank, station, or dignity; now that the winter's gale is upon them; you—their "friend" in their season of prosperity—clap up your helm, sail in the squadron, and elevate the flag of their fortunate enemies, exclaiming, "*Why should we bind ourselves to the fallen fortunes of the Whigs?*"

This assuredly is not dignified, or generous, or noble. You are disinterested. But yet, what encouragement does not your example give to the selfish, the servile, and even to the treacherous?

Believe me, it little becomes the name of Talbot to exhibit an un-Catonian specimen of preference given to the victorious but *worse* cause; and the abandonment of the better, though defeated party!

Judging by your conduct to my humble and insignificant self, I should be forced to the conclusion that gratitude was not, in your opinion, one of the cardinal virtues; at least, that it was not an English Catholic virtue; but was rather a quality deserving little estimation. I should, indeed, have feared that this was a judgment formed by me in my natural prejudice in my own cause, if I were not irresistibly compelled to perceive that ingratitude—dark ingratitude—pervades all that portion of your pamphlet which calls on British Catholics to desert the unlucky Whigs, and to join the lucky Tories.

It is impossible to conceal or to deny this ingratitude. Yes, my Lord, it is, I am sorry to say, too obvious. It is in its nature, too discreditable to be endured in silence.

No man *did* describe—few men have the ability to describe in terms of such glowing eloquence, of bitter grief, and even of agony, as did *you*, my lord, describe the oppressive degradation and contumely which were inflicted on *you*, the premier Earl of England, and upon the English Catholics in their native land, by the iniquitous "penal laws."

Your plaintive cry was this: it bewailed the following grievances: take them in numerical



order, as they have been all since redressed. In 1828 you exclaimed:—

1. "A Catholic cannot sit or vote in the House of Peers, and is thus deprived of his most valuable birthright.

2. "A Catholic Commoner cannot sit or vote in the House of Commons.

3. "A Catholic freeholder may be prevented from voting at elections for members.

4. "A Catholic cannot sit in the Privy Council.

5. "He cannot be a Minister of the Crown.

6. "He cannot be a Judge.

7. "He cannot hold any office in any spiritual, equity, or common law court.

8. "He cannot become a King's Counsel.

9. "He cannot hold any office in any of the corporations.

10. "He cannot marry either a Protestant or a Catholic, unless the ceremony be performed by a Protestant clergyman.

11. "He cannot settle real or personal property for the use of his church.

12. "Nor for the use of Catholic schools, nor for any other purposes of the Catholic religion."

You added this complaint:—

"From early youth to the last stage of existence, we Catholics are doomed to bear about us a painful feeling of inferiority and undeserved reproach."

In a different passage you justly complained, thus:—

"We are worse than aliens in our native land; inasmuch as that an alien is under the protection of an equal law, which we are not. If an alien be a delinquent, or a presumed delinquent, he is entitled to a trial by his peers; and half those peers are his own countrymen, and of his own religion; whereas our delinquency, imaginary as it is, is tried by men who have no fellow-feeling with us, and who convict us upon evidence collected, produced, and attested by themselves. We are compelled to endure the stings of insult and of calumny, frequently without either the opportunity of reply, or the hope of redress by law. We are denied the privilege of the meanest malefactor; that of being confronted with our accusers. We are excluded from the places in which the most galling and most influential of the calumnies pronounced against us are uttered; and if we dare to answer them elsewhere, our calumniators may sit in judgment upon us, and punish our audacity with imprisonment."—*Reasons for not taking the Test.* Second edit. p. xiii.

Protesting against that infliction, labouring against that iniquity at the period of your unjust degradation and adverse fortune, was to be found Lord Melbourne, the late Prime Minister.

Advocating the cause of justice and liberality to you, in your then inferior and suffering

state, was ranged the manly eloquence of the Marquis of Lansdowne, another member of the late Cabinet.

At that dark period of your political history, Lord John Russell, the late ministerial leader of the House of Commons, sustained, with a power of oratory and argument almost unequalled, your interests, and vindicated your rights.

Need I remind you, my lord, of the sincere zeal and accumulated services in the Catholic cause, of the Ponsonby family? and in particular of that excellent nobleman, Lord Duncannon, another member of the late Cabinet?

Is it necessary to recal to your memory the sincere zeal and power of eloquence of Sir John Hobhouse, another member of the late Cabinet? Why should I unnecessarily multiply individual instances? Was not every man of the late cabinet, who had a seat in Parliament before Emancipation, the decided friend, advocate, and supporter of our cause? the decided enemy of the Tory iniquity under which we suffered?

They were your friends, my lord; your true, your trusty, your tried friends. Your friends in the day of your need—in the day of your distress. Your friends when you could not help yourself. They were the enemies of your enemies: the assertors of your rights! Aye, my lord—they were more! They were the vindicators of your unjustly tarnished honour, and of the principle of your calumniated religion.

One thought more. So far from the members of the late Administration having supported the Catholic cause from motives of party interest, or from the ambition of attaining the honours and emoluments of office, the fact is that they actually and voluntarily placed themselves under the ban of the Crown. They, with full consciousness, exposed themselves to the personal hatred, and even malignity, of the two monarchs, George III. and George IV. They, with full knowledge of the consequences, raised, by their advocacy of Catholic rights, an almost impassable barrier against the enjoyment of the favour of the Crown, and the rewards, honours, and dignities of ministerial power. They knew full well that if circumstances forced them on the king, he would soon find means, as he did on one remarkable occasion, of dismissing them from office.

They were, in short, my lord, the martyrs of your cause. They were your political martyrs.

Turn we now to the other side. Let us pass in array the chiefs of those on whose behalf you have now rushed into print; and whose power you have used all your persuasive influences to support and consolidate.

Let us select one of the leaders of the new Cabinet—the lauded of Lord Shrewsbury—the Right Hon. Henry Goulburn. Was he, my Lord, sensible of the cruelty and injustice under which you and the Catholics laboured? Had he the feeling of the wrong—the sense of

\* "Reasons for not taking the Test." Second edit.: Appendix, 755.



the iniquity perpetrated against you? No, my lord! no. He rejoiced in that wrong; he gloried in that iniquity. He would have continued it to the present day. His only regret was that the injustice ceased—that the wrong was alleviated. It is his great regret to the present moment. He actually resigned office—and no man ever loved office, perhaps, so much as Goulburn; certainly not more. Yes. He resigned his office when the Cabinet to which he belonged had determined to grant Emancipation. Nor has he ever relaxed his undying hatred of Pope and Popery. Nor has ever one word betrayed him into the disgraceful inconsistency of favouring the progress of liberality.

I will tell you an anecdote of Goulburn, whilst he was Orange-patronising Secretary in Ireland. There is an Italian—you may have heard of him—named Bianconi, a man of the greatest worth and integrity. He came here a friendless and almost penniless stranger. He has acquired a large independent fortune by opening up all parts of Ireland to very cheap and very expeditious travelling; by maintaining upon the roads what are termed jaunting-cars. He had purchased stations, and built stables for his horses in many localities. In a short time he discovered, from some of the persons in the employment unjustly retaining possession of the buildings, that being an alien and a Catholic, he had no legal power to evict the fraudulent occupier, or to assert dominion over his own property.

He was a Catholic. Had he been a foreign Protestant, no matter from what country, by landing in Ireland he would have been naturalised, and have possessed all the privileges of a British subject. But he was a Catholic; and therefore he continued an alien.

Under these circumstances, he was advised to apply to Goulburn for letters of denization. It was thought he would have got them quite as a matter of course. No man could have a higher character for industry, activity, public utility, and personal integrity. He was, however, a Catholic, and his most reasonable request was refused, by your new ally, Goulburn. A second and a third application met the same fate. Nor was the inconvenience and impediment to his business removed, until those Whigs, whom you so wisely and so gratefully advise us to renounce, came into office—when at once he was made a denizen.

You, my lord, with all your titles, birth, and fame, would continue to be denied the privilege of the meanest malefactor, if Goulburn's vote could have kept you in that unenviable situation—or if it could at the present moment restore you to it, he would be the most unprincipled of human beings if he did not cheerfully pronounce that vote. Yet you call on us to go over to him!

The next of these new allies to whom you vow fealty is Sir Edward Knatchbull: a man whom you must admit to be one of the most

unmitigated enemies to the rights of the Catholics in or out of these realms. He never relaxed his hostility. He never avowed, because he never felt, the slightest mitigation in his enmity to the Catholics. He spoke in every debate; he voted in every division in the house—he exerted all his influence out of the house, to keep us all still slaves. There was a virulence in his hostility, unchanged and unaltered to the present hour. He assailed Peel for yielding to the necessity of granting Emancipation. He it was, who, in the excess of his indignation and animosity against the Catholics, taunted Peel with a "*nusquam tuta fides*."

What he was on the day when he uttered these words, the same he is at the present day.

I place him second upon the list of your favourites among the present Cabinet Ministers.

The third shall be the Duke of Buckingham. Pretty much on a par with Knatchbull in point of talents, he if possible exceeded him in virulence. And like Knatchbull, he has never relaxed or qualified his hostility. You would still, my lord, "*be denied the privilege of the meanest malefactor*" (oh! how I thank you for the words!)—if the Duke of Buckingham's vote in Parliament could have detained you in thralldom, or could now consign you back to slavery.

But let me not rest with the minor fry of the present Cabinet. Let me proceed to the highest name amongst them all—the Duke of Wellington. Let me confine myself to *your own words*, when I speak of him, the most fortunate of the fortunate!

You, my lord, published two editions of your "*REASONS FOR NOT TAKING THE TEST*:" the first in March, the second in October, 1828. You alluded to the hope which the then preceding administration of Mr. Canning had inspired. In both editions of your book there is this passage:—

"After many anxious vicissitudes of hope and fear; after passing through a trying variety of temperature; the political horizon appeared to have settled in almost unclouded sunshine upon the Catholics of the empire; when to our dismay and horror, it is now again suddenly darkening around us. We cannot but fear that the appointment of the Duke of Wellington as Premier is a fatal omen to our cause: for hitherto he has but too often ranked amongst the most signal of our opposers."\*

You were right, my lord. You were right. He was, indeed, my lord, ranked amongst the most signal of our opponents; and, I would add, amongst the most ungrateful. You yourself proclaimed his ingratitude.

Yes. More dishonouring ingratitude was never (at least until very lately) exhibited; because he was most deeply indebted to the sacrifice of Irish Catholic blood for his elevation to

\* "*Reasons*," &c. 2d edit. cxxii.



the dukedom. You, yourself, say, "Were it not for his Catholic troops, the Duke of Wellington had never gathered one solitary laurel; for all the laurels he wears have sprung from their valour, and been watered by their blood. But for the confidence reposed in him by Catholic governments, he had never been carried forward in his career. But for the honours heaped upon him by Catholic monarchs, his breast had never blazed with half that brilliancy that beams upon it now; and many of those high-sounding titles, which so loudly proclaim his glory to the world, would have been mute."\*

Yet the first vote he gave as a duke, the very first and most deliberate vote for which he left his proxy, was a vote to continue the degrading slavery of the Catholics.

It was, to him, a degrading vote. You may speak of him, my lord, as you please. I will always speak of him as he really is; as the most lucky of all the ungifted and ungenerous beings that ever were wafted by fortunate chances and accidents to great elevation.

To the passage which I have first quoted, you add, "If the Duke of Wellington be the bigot which many imagine, our fate is sealed so long as his counsels prevail. But we are willing to *hope against hope*."†

Whilst you thus avowed your fears from the bigotry of the Duke of Wellington, you declared your determination not to despair; "to hope even against hope." And yet I may say, by way of parenthesis, that you now come out against me, and bid me to despair of carrying the Repeal of the Union, although I hope for that event, *not* "against hope," but with events that cluster hopes around me, whether in Spain, in France, in Africa, or in the East—or in America. For, my lord, the moment the Irish are sufficiently combined amongst themselves to obtain that respectful attention which they will then assuredly merit; or—mark me, my lord! the moment that England wants the assistance of the people of Ireland,—that moment England *will* obtain that assistance—but the Union *shall* be repealed.

But to return.

In 1828, you were quite conscious of the Duke of Wellington's bigoted opposition. You denounced him as the enemy of the Catholics. But you may allege that he subsequently altered his opinions, mitigated his hostility, and emancipated the Catholics.

I admit the last fact. He *did* emancipate the Catholics—but he emancipated them because (as he himself avowed) emancipation was no longer to be resisted. We had our moral Waterloo, my lord, and our victory was more useful, if not more glorious. We chained the valiant duke to the car of our triumph, and compelled him to set us free.

But I utterly deny that he altered his opinions or mitigated his hostility. He avowed

that his enmity to Catholic rights—that his preference for Catholic degradation, were still the same; whilst he added the plaintive conclusion, that further resistance was impossible. He declared that his hostility was still unmitigated. Nay, he said that the Emancipation would be more useful to the expansion and establishment of Protestantism, by the union of action which would continue amongst Protestants; whilst the Catholics, no longer kept together by political interests, would tarnish themselves by their feuds, and disgrace themselves with their dissensions; and weaken themselves by both.

Was his soul prophetic, good my lord?

The Duke changed his politics and emancipated us; but he never changed his bigoted opinions. He opposed, during the late administration, every concession to the Irish people; every attempt to assimilate the franchises of the Irish with those of the English. It was he who thrust into the Irish parliamentary Reform Bill, the clause which preserved the rights of the exclusively Protestant freemen. And the express grounds on which he perpetrated these enormities, was to preserve, as far as he could, the *ascendancy* of the Protestant church in Ireland.

He more than once, during Lord Melbourne's government, laid it down as a maxim in the administration of Ireland, "that Protestants should be *encouraged*." By "*encouraged*" he of course intended, and avowed he intended, that they should be "*preferred*" to the Catholics on all practicable occasions.

With that maxim of his, I leave him for the present, under the protection and special favour of the Catholic Earl of Shrewsbury.

The next that I offer to your lordship's consideration is Lord Lyndhurst. Of him, too, you entertain hopes which I shall leave undisturbed; because such hopes are, and must be, intact by any process of reasoning, or any approach of common sense! They can spring only from that species of sensibility, which, when translated into words, is familiarly called "*twaddle*;" and when confined to mere thought, falls within the category of dotage. You are too young and too wise for either twaddle or dotage; and yet I must, in despair, abandon you to your "*hopes*" (!) of Lord Lyndhurst. He has been guilty of most mischievous indiscretion: let me call it dangerous, too. It is true that it was only the *Irish* Catholics on whom he affixed the appellation of "*aliens in language, aliens in blood, and aliens in religion*." It will be well, however, to recollect, that as an "*alien in religion*," you, even you, are stigmatized. Though you are emancipated, he still brands *alienage* upon you! after having in parliament exerted all his faculties, and even availed himself of the excellence of his memory, to detain you in a state worse than that of an alien. Nay, he incurred, to keep you in degradation, all the odium of being a renegade, and of abandoning all his former liberal opinions for

\* Reasons, cxxii. † Ib. cxxiv.



the vile love of place and promotion. He poured out against you that speech which was "*once Toby Philpott's*;" and ranked himself at the side of bigotry, in a manner which entitled him to be classed among the most unprincipled and the most narrow-minded of modern statesmen.

Perhaps indeed there may be something in the private life of this nobleman, which inspires you with hopes and encourages your confidence. If so, I am totally ignorant of it. But if it be so, I leave you to the full benefit of its influence.

Let me next point your attention to some of the minor fry of triumphant Toryism. There is Mr. Milnes Gaskell, and there is Mr. Sidney Herbert. The one, it is said, *has been liberal*; I do not vouch for it; but this I know, that at present his disposition is to call *you*, my lord, a "Romanist." But if he were disposed to an access of civility, perhaps he might condescend to call you a "Papist."

As to Mr. Sidney Herbert, the only way, so far as I can judge, in which he earned office, was by a speech in which he most grossly calumniated the Catholic priesthood of Ireland; distorted the evidence before the intimidation committee; so as to show that he had some ability, and more inclination, to range himself for life as a No-Popery champion.

This, however, as addressed to *you*, is a topic of some delicacy. For you have in your pamphlet, as I shall shortly show, sanctioned some of his charges against the Catholic clergy, and adopted some of his calumnies. But whether coming from him alone, or sanctioned by you, high as you are, it is a subject which forbids mincing delicacy, and compels me to proclaim the charges false as they are foul; unfounded as they are injurious. Yes! the calumniated Catholic clergy of Ireland can set not only him, but even *you*, at utter defiance!

Last, but not least, comes Sir Robert Peel. And what is *his* history? He began his career in Ireland by organizing Orangeism; by joining with Saurin in that corruption of the Irish Bar, which now promises us a plentiful crop of bigoted, intolerant, and partial judges. He re-organized and armed the Orange yeomanry of the north of Ireland, whose orgies were annually celebrated in the blood of the Catholics; whilst he proclaimed in the House of Commons, that the only fault of those Orangemen was their "excess of loyalty;" those very Orangemen who have been scattered by the unanimous condemnation of parliament. He filled every office with their then sworn partizans. He raised himself from obscurity into notice and high station, as the child and champion of intolerance. There was no dirty dexterity of which he was not capable, even upon the most awful of all possible subjects; but let me give you

arge in your own words:—  
ted," [by Peel] "with much  
and momentous accusation

"against the most unimpeachable prelaty in the world, that they were guilty of the most audacious impiety in cancelling a precept from the Decalogue; and it was at least insinuated that they did so in order to flatter their favourite propensities to idolatry."\*

The charge, of course, was false. You have proclaimed it so; and shown the miserable chicanery upon which it was founded. But that chicanery was Peel's!—that falsehood was Peel's! On the subject of the Decalogue itself, he was guilty of bearing that false witness against you, and against every one of us, from our highest prelate down to the humblest attendant upon our worship. What was your own description of him? You began by paying him a compliment which he little deserved. You said;

"It is astonishing that a man of Mr. Peel's character and reputation for fair dealing, should condescend to use misrepresentation when he finds argument fail him. But it only shows the extent of his delusion, and how fitted his mind is to receive impressions contrary to truth, reason, and common sense, when his favourite prejudices are to be cherished. If that delusion only affected the individual, we should lament it, without presuming to correct him; but when the delusion of an individual stands between the happiness of millions, and that individual is the champion of a party opposed to the best interests of the Empire, then, indeed it is a delusion which ought to be exposed to the whole world."†

There they are, my lord. I have paraded them before you.

I have, indeed, omitted Stanley, because he is an inveterate and malignant enemy of the Irish; and the unhappy Irish are the subject rather of your lordship's sneers than of your sympathy and support. They (the Catholic Irish) may be called villainous perjurers; and, but for me, you probably never would have heard of it! *Having* heard of it, you seem disposed not to pardon me for disturbing the aristocratic repose of your indifference to Ireland.

I have paraded them before you. There are Hobhouse and Palmerston; Lord John Russell and Lansdowne; Lord Duncannon and Melbourne—the late ministry—your firm, your disinterested friends; friends at need—friends who sacrificed party interests to sustain *you*; when in your native land you were "*worse off than an alien, and had not the privilege of the meanest malefactor.*"

Recollect, too, that all the rest of the men in office, under the late administration, were, each in his sphere, the decided supporters of the principle of Catholic Emancipation. On the other hand, you have Goulburn and Knatchbull, and Buckingham and Lyndhurst!—and

\* "Reasons," 2nd edit. p. xxviii.

† Ibid, pp. xxviii. xxix.



Wellington, who gave his first vote as a Duke against you; and Peel, who falsified the commandments of God, in order to calumniate the Catholics, and to continue their slavery;—Peel, whom you yourself have proclaimed to be “a person whose mind is fitted to receive impressions contrary to truth, reason, and common sense,” when his prejudices are to be cherished.

These are the men who would have kept you “*worse than an alien in your native land, and without the privileges of the meanest malefactor.*”

There now, are both parties before you. Your ancient foes are politically triumphant; your ancient friends politically defeated and prostrate. Representative of all the chivalry of all the Talbots, make your choice between the two!

But pause. Pause one moment. Recollect—(oh! that it should be necessary to remind you of it!)—that one of the principal means by which the constituency of England was, to say the least, predisposed to the present administration, was the incessant abuse and vilification of Catholics, and above all of the Catholic religion. Remember that the great organ of that party denominated the Catholic priests of Ireland “superstitious tyrants,” “brutal monsters,” “surplised ruffians.” But they spoke of *Irish* priests; and you, it seems, my gentle lord, vouchsafe to be “*scandalized*” (that is your word) with some of them. You may very well afford to forgive the Tories their abuse of the *Irish* priesthood; but can you forget the language they used respecting the Catholic religion? Is the high tide of your ingratitude to your former political friends so strong, as to blot out the recollection that the common epithet applied by the Tories to Catholicity was “a vile superstition;” but that the more favourite name was “an abject idolatry?”

Has your lordship been seduced by being called “vilely superstitious?” Or have you been won by the flattery of being termed “an abject idolator?”

But you may reproach me with the fact that the Whigs enacted “a base, brutal, and bloody” coercion bill. Recollect, however, that the *English* Catholics were unaffected by that measure. There is therefore no *English* excuse for a treacherous desertion of your old friends. Push not then your sympathy for Ireland too far. We are in the habit of suffering, and therefore we can bear it more patiently. We are like the eels, accustomed to be skinned alive. Recollect, good my lord, pray recollect—that of two of the most influential members of the present Cabinet, the one, Sir James Graham, was the ardent supporter, and the other, Lord Stanley, was the contriver, fabricator, and triumphant advocate of “the base, brutal, and bloody” coercion bill for Ireland.

Now, my lord, make your choice. Show your highmindedness, your generosity, your noble gratitude for past services; your just indignation against unprincipled hostility.

Make your choice——, but, alas! Your choice is already made! The highmindedness is gone; the generous feeling for a fallen friend is obdurate and perceived no more! The gratitude is obliterated; and your just indignation at iniquitous hostility, merges in puerile servility to the minions of place, power, and authority.

Oh! ingratitude unparalleled! Oh, preposterous selection! Never was such a choice made as you have made and enforced.

“Blow, blow, thou wintry wind,  
Thou art not so unkind,  
Nor is thy tooth so rude,  
As man’s ingratitude.”

Yes. If the English Catholics follow your lordship, the biting, chilling, bitter blasts of ingratitude were never so basely blown and so keenly felt, as they will be by every disinterested friend and lover of the generous emotions.

You have, however, your reasons for this desertion of your friends and selection of your enemies. You endeavour to persuade the Catholics of England to abandon those friends and to select those enemies. Your business is to justify a mode of action so repugnant to every right feeling, and so derogatory to every sense of political honour or honesty, that it could be palliated only by the most overpowering necessity.

Such was the task you imposed upon yourself. Heavens! how miserably have you failed! Your reasons are to be found in the 4th, 5th, and 6th pages of your letter. I am compelled to say there never was anything more flimsy, more fantastic. It is with pain I must add that drivelling idiocy, or childish folly, could scarcely attain to anything so weak—so mawkish. I will endeavour to analyse the puny material.

First; you allege that “all the great, paramount reforms are accomplished” (oh! most sapient sage!)—and that there is now only a mere distinction without a difference between Whigs and Tories.”

Let me admit your facts—a matter of some difficulty—in order to admire the conclusion you draw from those premises. Your logic is indeed of a rare quality. What! because there is “only a distinction without a difference” between Whigs and Tories,—therefore the English Catholics should, according to you, abandon the Whigs, their consistent friends, and support the Tories, their unrelenting enemies!

Such a specimen of reasoning is not, I believe, to be found among “the royal and noble authors” of any other century or country.

Secondly—as your second argument you state—“That the Tories have adopted the late reforms as an integral part of our institutions: and even profess a willingness to concede such changes as the altered circumstances of society might still require.”

I cannot concede your facts here; because you told me just now “that all the great paramount reforms were actually accomplished.”



Nor do I believe that the Tories intend in anything to ameliorate our institutions. At all events you *must* admit, that the Whigs are at least equally desirous of political improvement. How, then, can you be so preposterous, as to expect that the English Catholics should consider this a reason to abandon their tried friends the Whigs—and to support their known enemies the Tories.

Thirdly—Your third argument insinuates that “the powers of mischief of a Tory government are sufficiently restrained both by the established reforms themselves, and by the continually growing force of public opinion.”

I leave, without a single observation, this third sagacious reason why the English Catholics should desert their tried friends the Whigs, and support their known enemies the Tories.

Fourthly—Your fourth argument is accurately abstracted thus; you say,—“If a larger measure of reform be needed, which it *CERTAINLY* is in Ireland, the new men, in the joy and generosity of their triumph, may *POSSIBLY* compromise, upon a sound and equitable adjustment.”

There, my lord—there are your words; not *all* your words; but still, as far as they go, *ipsissima verba*. We have it that a larger measure of reform is “*certainly needed*” in Ireland. But gently—gently, good my lord! Told you not me just now, that *all* the great paramount reforms are accomplished?

There is a class, indeed, of whom the proverb says, that they have occasion for good memories. *You*, my lord, are a truthful man; and therefore you dispense with remembering what you wrote but so short a time before.

Let me now just analyse this last specimen of reasoning:—*Because* the Tories may “*possibly*” in their joy and generosity do some justice to the Irish, *therefore* the English Catholics ought to grovel in the mire of deep dark ingratitude to the Whigs!

I remember an Irish barrister, who, when addressing a jury, requested of them “not to be carried away by the dark oblivion of a brow.” He was stopped by the judge, who exclaimed, “Why, sir, that is nonsense!” “Oh, my lord,” returned the unabashed counsellor, “I know it is nonsense,—but it is *good enough for a jury*.”

Thus, good my lord, your inference that the Tories may possibly in their generosity and joy do something for the Irish, is stark nonsense. But upon a matter of political treachery, you deem it good enough for the English Catholics.

Fifthly—Your fifth and last argument may be condensed thus: you say “the times are so menacing and so unsettled, that it is a problem for futurity to solve, whether Whig or Tory rule, might be better or worse for the country.”

Bravo! So, *because* there may be a problem for futurity to solve as to the comparative merits

of Whigs and Tories, *therefore* the living English Catholics are in the interim to decide the point for themselves, by wallowing in the mire of ingratitude and desertion of friends!

I rejoice that I have got through these miserable attempts at persuasion. I cannot, however, avoid saying that they fill me with ineffable disgust. Fortunate, my lord, indeed it is for you, that the weakness of your head may detract but little from the goodness of your heart.

I have thus followed you through the two leading objects of your pamphlet;

First, your attempt to array the English Catholics and Catholicity itself, in favour of the grinding bread-tax.

Secondly, your attempt to bring over the Catholics of England, and even to arm Catholicity itself, in the cause of the Tories.

By the first, tainting the sacred banners of apostolic Christianity with the guilt of starving the poor, in order to satiate the avarice of the rich. In the second, inflicting a black spot upon English Catholicity, by making it exhibit the most profligate ingratitude to high-principled (but now powerless) friends; and, with the most abject servility, sharing in the ungenerous joy of malignant enemies.

The rest of your pamphlet is really ancillary to those two great objects—starvation and ingratitude. You introduce your other topics merely to gratify or allure English prejudice and English partiality. You, my Lord, know as well as I do, that the English Catholics have in their day of power been as oppressive and as contemptuous of the Irish, as the English Protestants have since been. And there still remains in the minds of some of the former, as bitter a hostility as ever to the Irish. This unhappy feeling you have sought to gratify, in the selection of your incidental topics. These topics relate—first, to a most important subject—the conduct of the Catholic Clergy of Ireland; secondly, to a subject trivial politically and personally, in importance and magnitude—the individual who replies to you—I mean myself. The third relates to a subject of national majesty—the Repeal of the Union. In the foregoing order shall I make a few observations upon each of these topics.

As to the first—the conduct of the Catholic clergy of Ireland—I really do not know how to restrain myself. I would not wish to use harsh language towards your lordship; but how is it possible to speak with dignified temper of the audacity with which you presume, in utter ignorance of fact, to censure men in every moral point of view your superiors! To fulminate your anathemas against the faithful, the enduring, the devoted clergy, the only real friends of the afflicted and poor people of Ireland—*THE ANOINTED PRIESTS OF THE MOST HIGH GOD!*

Perhaps I am the more ready to yield to irritation, by reason of the impertinent intrusion by another English Catholic nobleman—*prat-*



Wellington, who gave his first vote as a Duke against you; and Peel, who falsified the commandments of God, in order to calumniate the Catholics, and to continue their slavery;—Peel, whom you yourself have proclaimed to be “a person whose mind is fitted to receive impressions contrary to truth, reason, and common sense,” when his prejudices are to be cherished.

These are the men who would have kept you “*worse than an alien in your native land, and without the privileges of the meanest malefactor.*”

There now, are both parties before you. Your ancient foes are politically triumphant; your ancient friends politically defeated and prostrate. Representative of all the chivalry of all the Talbots, make your choice between the two!

But pause. Pause one moment. Recollect—(oh! that it should be necessary to remind you of it!)—that one of the principal means by which the constituency of England was, to say the least, predisposed to the present administration, was the incessant abuse and vilification of Catholics, and above all of the Catholic religion. Remember that the great organ of that party denominated the Catholic priests of Ireland “superstitious tyrants,” “brutal monsters,” “surpliced ruffians.” But they spoke of *Irish* priests; and you, it seems, my gentle lord, vouchsafe to be “*scandalized*” (that is your word) with some of them. You may very well afford to forgive the Tories their abuse of the *Irish* priesthood; but can you forget the language they used respecting the Catholic religion? Is the high tide of your ingratitude to your former political friends so strong, as to blot out the recollection that the common epithet applied by the Tories to Catholicity was “a vile superstition;” but that the more favourite name was “an abject idolatry?”

Has your lordship been seduced by being called “vilely superstitious?” Or have you been won by the flattery of being termed “an abject idolater?”

But you may reproach me with the fact that the Whigs enacted “a base, brutal, and bloody” coercion bill. Recollect, however, that the *English* Catholics were unaffected by that measure. There is therefore no *English* excuse for a treacherous desertion of your old friends. Push not then your sympathy for Ireland too far. We are in the habit of suffering, and therefore we can bear it more patiently. We are like the eels, accustomed to be skinned alive. Recollect, good my lord, pray recollect—that of two of the most influential members of the present Cabinet, the one, Sir James Graham, was the ardent supporter, and the other, Lord Stanley, was the contriver, fabricator, and triumphant advocate of “the base, brutal, and bloody” coercion bill for Ireland.

Now, my lord, make your choice. Show your highmindedness, your generosity, your noble gratitude for past services; your just indignation against unprincipled hostility.

Make your choice——, but, alas! Your choice is already made! The highmindedness is gone; the generous feeling for a fallen friend is obdurate and perceived no more! The gratitude is obliterated; and your just indignation at iniquitous hostility, merges in puerile servility to the minions of place, power, and authority.

Oh! ingratitude unparalleled! Oh, preposterous selection! Never was such a choice made as you have made and enforced.

“Blow, blow, thou wintry wind,  
Thou art not so unkind,  
Nor is thy tooth so rude,  
As man’s ingratitude.”

Yes. If the English Catholics follow your lordship, the biting, chilling, bitter blasts of ingratitude were never so basely blown and so keenly felt, as they will be by every disinterested friend and lover of the generous emotions.

You have, however, your reasons for this desertion of your friends and selection of your enemies. You endeavour to persuade the Catholics of England to abandon those friends and to select those enemies. Your business is to justify a mode of action so repugnant to every right feeling, and so derogatory to every sense of political honour or honesty, that it could be palliated only by the most overpowering necessity.

Such was the task you imposed upon yourself. Heavens! how miserably have you failed! Your reasons are to be found in the 4th, 5th, and 6th pages of your letter. I am compelled to say there never was anything more flimsy, more fantastic. It is with pain I must add that drivelling idiocy, or childish folly, could scarcely attain to anything so weak—so mawkish. I will endeavour to analyse the puny material.

First; you allege that “all the great, paramount reforms are accomplished” (oh! most sapient sage!)—and that there is now only a mere distinction without a difference between Whigs and Tories.”

Let me admit your facts—a matter of some difficulty—in order to admire the conclusion you draw from those premises. Your logic is indeed of a rare quality. What! because there is “only a distinction without a difference” between Whigs and Tories,—therefore the English Catholics should, according to you, abandon the Whigs, their consistent friends, and support the Tories, their unrelenting enemies!

Such a specimen of reasoning is not, I believe, to be found among “the royal and noble authors” of any other century or country.

Secondly—as your second argument you state—“That the Tories have adopted the late reforms as an integral part of our institutions: “and even profess a willingness to concede such changes as the altered circumstances of society might still require.”

I cannot concede your facts here; because you told me just now “that all the great paramount reforms were actually accomplished.”



distinguished above all other things by gratitude—sweet gratitude; and by your magnanimous disregard of matter-of-fact.

There is something comical in the extent of your inventive powers. Take the following specimen. After speaking of my not knowing where to stop in my career, you add, "Once, indeed, has he" (O'Connell) "been most signally discomfited, and bound hand to foot to the chariot wheels of his antagonists. For a time he was politically dead, and the liberties of his country were extinguished in him."

What the deuce is the meaning of this? what idle fantasy is careering through your dreaming brain? what driftless imaginings were playing with, and deluding your inventive powers? Speak, gentle Sphynx—resolve the riddle! When was I bound either by hand or by foot? When was I bound to the wheels of chariot, gig, cab, or buggy? real or imaginary? poetical or actual?

I have beaten my poor wits into powder, to discover your meaning; and can scarcely venture after all upon a conjecture. Even my conjecture is founded only upon a fact, unattached, so far as I know, in any way to your lordship. The fact is this: the Duke of Wellington a few years ago asserted in the House of Lords, that I had been convicted of a misdemeanour in a prosecution instituted by that silliest of the silly—poor Lord Anglesey. He said I was a convicted criminal.

In my place in the House of Commons I refuted the assertion, and showed its utter want of truth. So far from being convicted, I never was even tried! Whereupon Lord Eldon came in aid of the valiant Duke, and obtained an order of the House of Lords for copies of all the proceedings in that prosecution. They were produced and printed by the House of Lords; and *you*, my lord, must have been furnished with a copy; as I had been the instrument of obtaining for you the privilege of peerage.

Some two or three years after this, the military Duke repeated his confuted calumny. I immediately met him with a letter published in the London newspapers; in which I proved to demonstration not only the falsehood of his charge, but that he must have known its falsehood.

Now, my conjecture is this, that your paragraph may be intended to suggest that there was already one triumphant prosecution, and that there *may* be at present another, in which the Attorney-General might be able to read from the pamphlet of the Catholic Earl of Shrewsbury, (simply as part of his speech,) how little of favour I could deserve from Catholic jurors.

This conjecture is somewhat aided by the very hostile spirit manifested in your attacks on me. It is still but a mere conjecture. But if it be not *this*—why, then, it is a simple in-

vention; which might (if I had the least disposition to be rude, which I have not,) be expressed by a shorter word.

You are really, my lord, an imaginative man.

In the vivacity of your fancy you have, in the paragraph last quoted, been guilty (however unwittingly) of the *suggestio falsi*. In the paragraph which I shall next quote, this ingredient is mixed up with what I do not know how to describe as other than a wilful *suppressio veri*.

In page 33, I find you allege that I have drawn from an advertisement in the Tablet for a servant, with a reserve "that an Irish person would not suit," my sweeping proofs of disaffection amongst the whole body of English Catholics, "high and low, great and small." You add, "that it turned out to be a compliment to her own transplanted countrywomen, from a respectable housekeeping Irish lady herself." And you conclude thus, "There never was a finer burst of impassioned eloquence than that speech; but never was argument so weak, or provocation so unfounded; and, to judge from the cheers and groans that accompanied its delivery, never impression more profound, or success more complete, in exciting hatred and animosity between the two countries. But where was charity or truth all the while? Or where the charity, truth, and justice, of many of the statements in the famous proclamation to which it was the prologue? Now making every possible allowance for a warm temperament and excited feelings, there can be no excuse for so false, so exaggerated, so virulent a denunciation. Even if his premises were true, the deduction had been false. Was not the wish the father to the thought, because it suited the purpose of the moment? But while Mr. O'Connell forgets that violence, and exaggeration, and undeserved abuse, defeat themselves, no man ever presented us with a more signal illustration of the truth of this axiom than himself; and it is by this prodigal indulgence in the most unmeasured strain of vituperation, that he is now reduced to the least enviable of all positions—in which his praise is censure and his censure praise."

I wish the reader to peruse that paragraph over again. I will treat it, I hope, with as much coolness as a man so outraged and insulted can possibly do. At all events, I hope to treat it goodhumouredly. In the first place I will remark, that the assertion "that the lady advertising for a servant was a respectable and experienced housekeeping Irish lady," is the pure invention of Lord Shrewsbury's prurient fancy. All that he knew upon the subject was, that an anonymous paragraph appeared in the newspapers, stating that the lady was Irish. I do not believe it. If she were Irish at all, she had certainly resided in England amongst English Catholics, long



enough to have caught their prejudices; and to have servilely imitated their dislike to her countrywomen. This would rather strengthen my case than diminish its force.

This, however, is not of much importance. But there is that which really is so. You, my lord, say, that I made that advertisement my argument of disaffection to the Irish "*among the whole body of English Catholics, high and low, great and small*" (these are your words.) Yet you cannot but know that this your assertion is totally untrue; that it is directly the reverse of the truth. You avow that you read my speech—(for you describe it)—and therefore you *must* have seen and especially known, when you wrote the contrary, that I, in that speech, so far from accusing *all* the English Catholics, great and small, high and low, made large and sweeping exceptions: that I asserted and boasted that there were very many English Catholics willing and anxious to do justice to Ireland.

Now, may I not retaliate—and I *only* retaliate—your saucy question, "where now is your charity—where is *your* truth?"

Neither is this all. In the paragraph thus quoted, your allegation is that my proofs of English Catholic disaffection to Ireland were confined to the advertisement in the *Tablet*. That is your intent, or your language would have no rational meaning. Yet you *must* have known that this suggestion of yours was utterly untrue; because in page 36, you charge me with an unmannerly attack upon Sir John Gerard for his adherence to Conservatism.

Now, that "unmannerly attack" was merely the statement of one of my many proofs of English Catholic disaffection to the Irish. You had, therefore, those proofs before your eyes. And yet you have the coolness to assert that I gave but one weak argument to prove the truth of my denunciation.

Let me once more retaliate your saucy question, "where now is *your* charity? *your* truth? *your* justice?"—I deny their existence. I prove that they do not exist. The language is to be sure harsh—but then it is *yours*. I use these queries upon great, and totally unmerited provocation—for I offended, I assailed you in nothing!

You used them upon cool, deliberate, written and printed premeditation; against a man whom I do not allege, but whom you yourself admit, to have been your bountiful benefactor.

Oh, shame! ten thousand times shame on that malignant spirit which could thus taint the chivalrous Earl of Shrewsbury!

To relieve the tedium of this personal conflict, which you have deliberately provoked and commenced, let us by way of parenthesis decide the matter of Sir John Gerard.

You accuse me of "an unmannerly attack" upon him. I allege that I did but make a just, a reasonable, and a thoroughly well-founded attack upon that unworthy person. I attacked him only as a public man. And my full justification is this; the Irish Catholics had, by

your own confession, raised Sir John Gerard from a situation, which you have yourself described as being "*worse than that of an alien, and more degraded than that of the meanest malefactor.*"

They procured for him the right—that most important right, to vote for members of parliament. They procured for his tenants that most important right—the right to vote for members of parliament. And the gratitude of Sir John Gerard—the *English Catholic gratitude* of Sir John Gerard—the use which he makes of the franchise WE procured for himself and his tenants, is, by the means of that franchise to return to Parliament a bitter enemy of Ireland; one actually labouring to extinguish the franchise of the Irish Catholics! and this conduct of Sir John Gerard's you call by the gentle name of "adhering to Conservatism." Be that so.

Such, however, is the "political catiff" over whom you cast the chivalrous shield of the Talbots. Alas, alas! I fear the client is worthy of the patron!

Having thus taken a breathing in the by-battle respecting Sir John Gerard, let us return to our own personal quarrel—a quarrel which you have, in the wantonness of noble insolence, volunteered to create. But I do not shrink from the contest. The only thing I require—it may be indeed too much to require—is this; that you should not use the poisoned weapon of hypocrisy.

You allege that I was scant of proof of the English Catholic disaffection to the Irish.

Do I want proofs *now*, good my lord? for, laying aside your lucrative support of the Corn Laws, what but the most contemptuous indifference, or indeed hostility to the Catholics of Ireland, could have dictated such a pamphlet as yours? What but this hostility could have inspired your calumnious malignings of a large body of the Irish Catholic clergy? If the spirit had not been as strong as it must be malignant, would not *they*, at least, have escaped unassailed? But I cry you mercy. They have "scandalized" you.

Let me however ask, what else could have stimulated you, on your mere motion, to assail even *me*, whom you admit to be the representative of the wishes and of the wants of the Irish People? What else could have stimulated you to the coldblooded calumny of the great masses of the Irish Catholic People, who have joined with me in the demand for the Repeal—treating them as separatists, revolutionists, and subverters of the monarchy and of social order?

If you, my lord, be well affected to the Irish Catholics, never did mortal man exhibit affection in a manner so strange and so repugnant. A manner indeed "*capable*" (to use your own words) "*of exciting hatred and animosity between the two countries.*"

Let us, however, draw somewhat closer. In the paragraph which I have so lately transcribed, you accuse me of declamation and



false reasoning; of exciting hatred and stirring up animosity between the two countries. You accuse me of want of charity, want of truth, want of justice. You accuse me of exaggeration, virulence, and *falsehood*. And to cap the climax of your chivalrous civility, you denounce me as a man "whose praise is censure and his censure praise."

My lord, there is assuredly no novelty in the phrase. You have not the malignant merit of inventing it. It is as old at least as the days of Junius, and has been repeated ten thousand times since, with as little truth as in the present case.

But you could not avoid adopting it. It was used by Peel at a moment when I had not the power of reply. I had made a speech showing many of the meritorious acts of the Whig party—showing that all that in recent times had been obtained of amelioration in our institutions—that all the recent measures sacred to liberty and humanity—had been achieved by the Whigs. I showed that the catalogue of Tory virtues was a miserable blank; while the effects of their unjust wars, their bigotry, and their crimes, were and are till this present time grinding the people in oppression and misery. What was Peel's reply? Did he confute my statement of the Whig merits? No such thing. Did he vindicate the Tories from my censure? No such thing. In truth he could not; for my arguments were based upon public and notorious facts. He accordingly rose in a rage; made a furious, virulent, and indeed ferocious personal attack upon me; which he concluded with the hackneyed phrase you have so gloatingly adopted from him, "that my praise was censure and my censure praise." There was not one single reasonable man upon either side of the House, who did not condemn his conduct in that respect. I have not met any reasonable man out of the House who did not equally condemn it. But it seems to deserve your sanction and patronage. Peel forged the charge as against me. And you have given it currency with the English Catholics, by indorsing it with your name and titles of honour.

You have taken up his quarrel against me. You have flung in my face the "dirt and dust" of Peel. You have taken up his weapon to break my head. We have therefore a right to inquire what claims the combatants had upon you as an English Catholic—the character you boast of—that you should make battle for the one, or treacherously assail the other. Let there be no words of mine. Let me give your own statement of the combatants. You describe me—even in that very pamphlet in which I am so virulently assailed—in these terms:

"O'Connell is undoubtedly the man whom Providence has employed as the dispenser of many blessings both to Ireland and to us. WITHOUT HIM WE HAD LABOURED IN VAIN; WE HAD STILL BEEN THE VICTIMS OF A MISGUIDED BIGOTRY AND GRINDING OPPRESSION."

Such, in your most unfavourable moment,

was your description of *me*, whom you now with gratuitous virulence assail. How did you describe—and truly describe—my antagonist? You said of him—let me repeat it—"that he was a man using misrepresentation when he found argument to fail." You said of him, "that his mind was fitted to receive impressions contrary to truth, reason, and common sense, when his favourite prejudices were to be cherished."

Thank you, good English Catholic, for the words! You also charged Peel with "making a solemn and momentous accusation against the Catholic bishops of Ireland," whom you then called the most unimpeachable prelacy in the world,—of being guilty of the most audacious impiety, in cancelling one of the ten commandments, in order to flatter their favourite propensities to idolatry."

In short, you proved that he made of the divine decalogue itself an instrument of forgery and fraud, to injure Catholicity; that the words that were uttered on Mount Sinai amidst the lightnings of Heaven, were distorted by him to bigotted party purposes. You stigmatized him as having lit a torch at those lightnings, in order therewith to blast the reputation and annihilate the hopes of the Catholics. You proved him to be a blasphemer for paltry party purposes, and you declared that he ought to be exposed to the scorn and derision of the world.

Yet you ape his intemperance; you imitate his virulence; and you actually adopt and employ his scurrility against the man, without whose aid you are forced to acknowledge, that you would still be in a condition "*worse than an alien, and more degraded than that of the meanest malefactor.*"

Proud lord! I rejoice in the contrast between us. No man with one particle of feeling would, for your honours and estates, malign his friend and embrace his enemy,—as *you*, in the purest spirit of gratuitous treachery, have volunteered to do.

Let me revert to the worst part of your charge against me. You accuse me of "want of charity, and of want of justice, in exciting animosity between the two nations." Read the charge over again, and weigh well,—for you cannot exaggerate,—its severity. And when you have convinced yourself of the enormity of the guilt it alleges, read this passage:—

"The spirit of hostility which actuates the peasantry of England against the poor, wandering, expatriated Irish, is THE SAME WHICH HAS EVER GOVERNED THE HIGHER CLASSES IN THEIR TREATMENT OF THAT UNHAPPY COUNTRY."† Whose language is this? Stand forth, Earl of Shrewsbury, Waterford, and Wexford—for these are thy words.

Are they false? Then no stigma can be dark enough to brand the man who uttered

\* "Reasons," &c. 2nd. edit. xxviii.

† "Reasons," &c. lii.



them. Are they true? If it be true that the English, the highest classes included, are, and ever have been, governed by the vulgar prejudices and the mean hostility of the lowest peasants in their treatment of Ireland—then what censure can be severe enough to inflict upon the man who in his own controversy published these truths, “exciting animosity and hate between the two countries,” and who then turns round upon me, and accuses me as guilty of deep crime in exciting that animosity; merely because I said, *not* that the majority of the people of England who are Protestants, but a small minority of the minority of the English people who are Catholics, were hostile to the Irish?

And you,—you, Earl of Shrewsbury, thus accuse me, and charge me with the want of charity, of justice, and of truth; though I did not go the one tenth of the length of uncharitableness you yourself proclaimed.

If it were a crime in me to make the mitigated assertion, what can be the degree of your guilt, your want of charity, of justice, of truth; when you made the sweeping, the all-comprehensive allegation of ever-enduring bitterness and hostility to the Irish, on the part of all classes, “high and low, great and small,” of the English nation?

In sad and sober truth, I envy you not your position, noble earl!

Let me come to another paragraph, in which, without copying Peel, you have gone even beyond aught that ever fell from him. In page 30, you have made an insinuation, clearly attributing to me the basest of all possible motives. Your words are, “Had not people long surmised that a continuance of agitation in Ireland is much more likely to augment the *rent*, than to benefit the country.”

Of course nothing more derogatory to man could be suggested than this last charge. It is impossible to exaggerate the intensity of its foulness, if it be true—or the black malignity of its calumny, if it be false.

This every man must admit. Yet you have so little notion of preserving even the semblance of veraciousness, that you actually say in the next paragraph, that you treat me *fairly*, and even *indulgently*!

Thanks for the fairness: ten thousand thanks for the indulgence!

And now—what will inevitably happen? Why, this—that you, who have accused me in express terms of want of charity, of justice, of justice,—you, who have accused me of virulence, vituperation, and FALSEHOOD,—you, who have just accused me of the paltry sordidness of sacrificing the loved land of my birth to my own grovelling pecuniary interests,—you, who having exhausted all the resources of your own rancour, have condescended to resort to the hackneyed virulence of mine enemy,—you, who have never received any injury from me, and never heard my voice raised respecting you except for praise,—you, and your English friends, especially your Tory press, will affect

a saintly horror at the vulgarity and coarseness of my invective. You will prate of my “abusing” you. You will turn up the white of your eyes, and thank your stars that you are not like this publican!

Yes—I see it as clearly as if I were already reading the phrases of your allies. You and they will forget that you have volunteered to accuse me of all that is mean, base, seditious, aye, and REVOLUTIONARY. They will forget that you yourself, in all the politeness of your chivalry, used the very language in which the vulgar express their bad passions. Yes—this, (and if needful, ten thousand times more) would be forgotten in itself, and forgiven to you! You will be set down as the essence of sweet courtesy; and I, who merely defended myself, will be—not tried, but convicted, of all uncharitableness.

Be it so. I consent. But I will not consent that my claim to “*the rent*” should be misunderstood. That claim may be rejected; but it is understood in Ireland; and it shall not be misstated anywhere without refutation.

My claim is this. For more than twenty years before Emancipation, the burthen of the cause was thrown upon me. I had to arrange the meetings—to prepare the resolutions—to furnish replies to the correspondence—to examine the case of each person complaining of practical grievances—to rouse the torpid—to animate the lukewarm—to control the violent and the inflammatory—to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law—to guard against multiplied treachery—and at all times to oppose, at every peril, the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause.

To descend to particulars; at a period when my minutes counted by the guinea; when my emoluments were limited only by the extent of my physical and waking powers; when my meals were shortened to the narrowest space, and my sleep restricted to the earliest hours before dawn; at that period, and for more than twenty years, there was no day that I did not devote from one to two hours, often much more, to the working out of the Catholic cause. And that without receiving or allowing the offer of any remuneration, even for the personal expenditure incurred in the agitation of the cause itself. For four years I bore the entire expenses of Catholic agitation, without receiving the contributions of others to a greater amount than £74 in the whole. Who shall repay me for the years of my buoyant youth and cheerful manhood? Who shall repay me for the lost opportunities of acquiring professional celebrity, or for the wealth which such distinctions would ensure?

Other honours I could not then enjoy.

Emancipation came. You admit that it was I who brought it about. The year before Emancipation, though wearing a stuff gown, and belonging to the outer bar, my professional emoluments exceeded £8,000; an amount never before realized in Ireland in the same space of time by an *outer* barrister.



Had I adhered to my profession, I must soon have been called within the bar, and obtained the precedence of a silk gown. The severity of my labour would have been at once much mitigated; whilst the emoluments would have been considerably increased. I could have done a much greater variety of business with less toil, and my professional income must have necessarily been augmented by probably one-half.

If I had abandoned politics, even the honours of my profession and its highest stations lay fairly before me.

But I dreamed a day-dream—*was* it a dream?—that Ireland still wanted me; that although the Catholic aristocracy and gentry of Ireland had obtained most valuable advantages from Emancipation, yet the benefits of good government had not reached the great mass of the Irish people, and could not reach them unless the Union should be either made a reality—or unless that hideous measure should be abrogated.

I did not hesitate as to my course. My former success gave me personal advantages which no other man could easily procure. I flung away the profession—I gave its emoluments to the winds—I closed the vista of its honours and dignities—I embraced the cause of my country! and—come weal or come woe—I have made a choice at which I have never repined—nor ever shall repent.

An event occurred which I could not have foreseen. Once more, high professional promotion was placed within my reach. The office of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer became vacant. I was offered it. Or, had I preferred the office of Master of the Rolls, the alternative was proposed to me. It was a tempting offer. Its value was enhanced by the manner in which it was made; and pre-eminently so, by the person through whom it was made—the best Englishman that Ireland ever saw—the Marquis of Normanby.

But I dreamed again a day-dream—*was* it a dream? and I refused the offer. And here am I now taunted,—even by *you*, with mean and sordid motives.

I do not think I am guilty of the least vanity, when I assert that no man ever made greater sacrifices to what he deemed the cause of his country than I have done. I care not how I may be ridiculed or maligned. I feel the proud consciousness that no public man has made more, or greater, or more ready sacrifices.

Still there lingers behind one source of vexation and sorrow; one evil, perhaps greater than all the rest; one claim, I believe higher than any other upon the gratitude of my countrymen. It consists in the bitter, the virulent, the mercenary, and therefore the more envenomed hostility towards me, which my love for Ireland and for liberty has provoked. What taunts, what reproaches, what calumnies, have I not sustained? what modes of abuse! what vituperation, what slander have been exhausted against me! what vials of bitterness have been

poured on my head! what coarseness of language has not been used, abused, and worn out in assailing me? what derogatory appellation has been spared? what treasures of malevolence have been expended? what follies have not been imputed? in fact—what crimes have I not been charged with?

I do not believe that I ever had in private life an enemy. I know that I had and have many, very many, warm, cordial, affectionate, attached friends. Yet here I stand, beyond controversy the most and the best abused man in the universal world! And, to cap the climax of calumny, you come with a lath at your side instead of the sword of a Talbot, and you throw Peel's scurrility along with your own into my cup of bitterness.

All this have I done and suffered for Ireland. And let her be grateful or ungrateful—solvent or insolvent—he who insults me for taking her pay, wants the vulgar elements of morality which teach that the labourer is worthy of his hire; he wants the higher sensations of the soul, which enable one to perceive that there are services which bear no comparison with money, and can never be recompensed by pecuniary rewards.

Yes: I am—I say it proudly—I am the hired servant of Ireland; and I glory in my servitude.

I go back to another paragraph—the last that I shall extract at any length. I select it especially, because it is a specimen of the dexterity of the delusions which you proffer to the English Catholics. Speaking of Irish grievances, you say that they are principally either fancied, or at least grossly exaggerated. You add these words:

“There are circumstances when ignorance is bliss; and I think if the people of Ireland were less instructed in their grievances, they would be much less conscious of them, and live in happy ignorance of half the ills of which they now so loudly complain. WERE IT NOT FOR O'CONNELL, WE SHOULD NEVER HEAR OF REPEAL; should never hear of 50,000 annual murders perpetrated by cold, famine, and disease, and most charitably divided between the Irish landlords and British misrule! And this, gentle reader, from him who has ever been the loudest to extol, (and I am sure very justly so) the charitable benevolence of his own countrymen, and the most strenuous to oppose the introduction of Poor Laws.” (p. 23.)

This is indeed a specimen of your *savoir faire*. It condenses so many faults and follies, that it would be supremely ridiculous, if it were not imbued with qualities of a criminal nature. How truly ignorant you are of the people of Ireland! Or rather, what trouble you take to forget what the Irish people really are! That shrewd, that sensible people, that people of tact, which exceeds intellect, are, forsooth, in your opinion so brutally stupid, that of half the ills whereof they now loudly complain they would be unconscious, and in a happy igno-



rance, if they were not *instructed* (that is your word) in their grievances. Your assertion is, that of the grievances of which the Irish complain, *some* are grossly exaggerated, others are merely fanciful, and the one-half do not exist at all. According to you, O'Connell is to blame for all. It is *I* who have invented them. They exist in my statement but not in reality. I have "*instructed*" the people to believe in their existence! The Irish, you tell us, are so stupid, that they believe they are aggrieved, only because I tell them they are so; and that they loudly complain of the imaginary grievances, taking them *not* from reality, but from *my* word!

Softly, good my lord. Gently! There was a time when I was not the *best* instructor, or even the *sole* instructor of the Irish people as to their grievances. Let us see, when it was *your* interest to describe Ireland as she was and is, how you "*instructed*" the Irish as to the evils they suffered. Then, my lord, you taught the Irish that their best and only hope was to look for the weakness and humiliation of England. "For," said your lordship, "*the day of England's prosperity has never yet been a day of grace or justice to Ireland.*"\*

I now quote from the next page, where you tell us that "History, which is philosophy" teaching by example, shows that the monsters whom regenerated England employed to govern Ireland, have mowed down whole generations of papists at a stroke; ravaging the field with fire and sword, in the hopeful expectation that a harvest of Protestants would arise; when, lo and behold! in lieu of "Protestantism, Popery springs up again; but only to be cut down once more, and to be cast again into the fire. Still the crop of Protestants never once grew up. The land was obstinate and impracticable: and in spite of every new system of experimental cultivation, has continued as barren of Protestantism and as fertile of Popery ever since."†

Again, in a few pages forward, you revert to the condition of Ireland. "Parliament," you say, "has devised one scheme of emigration after another; has expended thousands in charter-school grants, and thousands in the draining of bogs. But misery still reigns predominant, and threatens the very existence of the country."‡

In the next page you describe "the yearly droves of ragged and hungry Irish peasants; a faint portrait of the still greater misery they leave behind; who traverse England in search of a precarious existence."§ You add the hostility with which those Irish peasants were met by the English labourers; and you continue thus—I like to quote the passage twice—"But the spirit which actuates this feeling of hostility amongst the peasantry of England to the poor, wandering, and expropriated sons of Erin, is the same which has

"ever governed the higher classes in their treatment of that unhappy country."||

Such were your "*instructions*" when you had an interest in teaching the people of Ireland. You were then as ready to admit the existence and reality, and the unendurable nature of these grievances, as *I* could be! There was then no paltry sneering on your part, at miseries which even when described in your eloquent style, appear much diminished of their sad and sorrowful reality.

You now accuse me of stirring up strife between the two countries; of calumniating the English, and misrepresenting their dispositions towards the Irish. But when it suited your own purposes, you emphatically proclaimed that "*England's prosperity was Ireland's oppression*"; for that the day of "*England's prosperity* was never a day of "*grace or justice to Ireland.*" You then yourself proclaimed this very sentiment, even more extensively than I did—that the English people, "*high and low, great and small, were equally hostile to the poor sons of Erin*"—I love to adopt your words.

There was, however, part of the counsel which you suggested to the people of Ireland at that time, which I condemned then and condemn now. Mark this—mark the disloyal suggestion in the following passage. You say, "*In wretchedness the Irish outvie those papists of the East, the very Greeks themselves, without being equally fortunate in attracting the compassion or good will of the nation. THE GREEK DIES NOBLY IN THE FIELD, AND HIS DEATH IS SWEETENED WITH THE COM-PASSIONATE REGARD OF THE WHOLE CIVILIZED WORLD, while the victim of English bigotry pines out a miserable existence, or sinks under the slow but deadly poison of disease and famine, with scarcely a heart to lament him.*"¶

You were hurrying us on a little too fast, Earl of Shrewsbury. But we were too wise and too loyal to take your hint, or to believe from you that death would be "*sweetened*" by sanguinary rebellion.

Look at the passages I have just quoted from your former work, and then blush for shame. Blush—for your falsehood, if you think you have stated untruths. Blush, if you have stated the truth, (as you certainly *have* done) for your malignant calumny upon those who continue to repeat your truths. But, above all and before all, sink with shame to the earth at the absurdity of supposing that the Irish do not know and understand their own grievances; or that they would be in "*happy ignorance*" (!) if they were not told of their miseries. Even John Bull himself, who is not the most perceptive of animals, is beginning to perceive that an empty belly is, after all, no joke.

Having disposed of the matter of "*the fictitious grievances of the Irish*"—(would to

\* "*Reasons &c.*" 2nd edit. p. xxxix.

† "*Reasons,*" &c. pp. xl. xli. ‡ *Ibid.* p. i. § *Ibid.* p. li.

¶ *Ibid.* p. lii.

§ "*Reasons,*" &c. p. lv.



heaven that they *were* fictitious!) let me revert to another part of the lengthened paragraph which I have above extracted from your letter, at page 23.

You there sneer at me for my praise of the charity and benevolence of the Irish people; and in particular for my opposition to the Poor Law. Are you aware that the Irish Poor Law is much more harsh and cruel than that of England? Are you aware that the commissioners are more despotic than in England? Are you aware that no relief whatever—no! not to the extent of a single sixpence!—is, or can be, given out of the workhouse? Are you aware that the same cruel separation of families takes place here as with you? Are you, above all things, aware that what could have easily been foretold has already occurred—that sectarian prejudice has already made the poor-house in more than one locality an instrument of vexation, if not of actual persecution to the Catholics? and that this spirit is naturally, nay, necessarily, fated to increase under the inauspicious reign of the present administration—those friends whom you cherish and for whom you do battle? Are you aware that, although from this wretchedly impoverished city upwards of £30,000 in the last year have been expended, and in this year more than £40,000 must be levied; yet both our union workhouses are completely full; not one additional pauper can be received, though the gates are thronged with the imploring destitute! Our streets are crowded with mendicants, and our institutions of voluntary charity feel the pressure of claimants beyond their means of relief, and are struggling in a precarious state of existence; whilst the poor-law establishment itself costs as much money as would, if judiciously applied, relieve much, very much of our destitution.

I thank you, my Lord, for your sneer at my opposition to the Poor Law. It was not courteous, but it was useful to me. I was opposed to the Poor Law. I am so still. Other measures should have preceded it; measures of vitality to the resuscitation of Ireland. And even then it should have been so essentially different from the present law, as not to be recognizable as belonging to the same category.

I assure you, my lord, that I have now most numerous converts to my opinion; and those who vilified me once upon this topic now laud my sagacity.

Although I have thus received with moderation and temper your sneering insinuation respecting my opposition to the Poor Law, how shall I be able to controul my disgust and abhorrence of the contemptuous levity with which you treat the annual perishing of myriads of the Irish people from cold, famine, and disease? You treat as something monstrous, my representation of the loss that Ireland sustains in her population, of 50,000 persons annually. Cold, cruel, heartless man as you are—how dare you throw the cloak of your protection over this wholesale destruction? Mine a misstatement! Mine an exaggeration! Look at the statistics—look at the census for 1821—then look at that

for 1831—then at that for 1841. You will there find that the population of Ireland increased between 1821 and 1831, by 965,570; whilst they increased between 1831 and 1841 by only 437,980; making a difference in the last ten years of 527,590; and thus giving for each year of the last ten years, a defalcation, *not* of 50,000, as I had expressed it in round numbers; but of 52,729 souls, as actual enumeration demonstrates.

What has produced this extraordinary difference between the two periods? Not emigration; for there was as much emigration in the first ten years as in the last—perhaps more. What has then produced it? **THE DEPOPULATING SYSTEM**; the Irish landlords, who cleared their farms of human beings to augment the number of oxen and swine; and the Tory faction, *then* as landlords, *now* in power, who countenance the exterminators.

As you are so anxious to turn the English Catholics over to the ranks of the Tories, in support of the present administration, you may hear with some not very christian pleasure, that the Irish Tory government has chosen for its legal adviser at the Castle, a barrister who has been accused, without contradiction, of having depopulated his property of 173 Catholics, to make room for four families, of whom three were Protestants, and the fourth differing nothing in politics, and probably not much more in religion, from the Protestants.

Yes, my lord. You may sneer at me for saying that 50,000 of the Irish perish yearly of cold, famine, and disease. But how else can you account for this diminution in our population? You, yourself,—I have quoted your words—you have said that the Irish peasants perished by the deadly poison of disease and famine, with scarcely a heart to lament them. *You*, indeed, have no heart to bewail them! If you had, would you—*could* you assail with ribaldry and with little jests, the man who in sober melancholy deplores the misery of his fellow-countrymen, and consigns to execration, as murderers, those who cause them to perish?

You cannot deny that they perish. In what silken terms shall you treat their slayers?—or how will you palliate the crimes they commit against man and against God? Ireland has not ceased to be fertile and naturally productive. No blight has come upon her plains. No sterility has visited her soil. The blessings of nature, the bounties of Providence, are as abundant in the last decade as in the former. Sneer at me as you please; be as ribald towards me as you choose. You do well to pass over with flippant and fastidious levity, this the depopulation of the Irish nation. But how can you account for the wholesale destruction of human life, in any other way than the cruelty of the landlords, and the ungenial rule of the government?

In 1828, when you published your “Reasons for not taking the Test,” in aid of the interests of your order, and in the promotion of your own worldly objects, you stated the fact that



the Irish Catholics "*outried in wretchedness the unhappy Greeks*"; while as victims of England "they either pined out a miserable existence, "or sank beneath the slow but deadly poison "of disease and famine." I have, therefore, your own testimony of the *then* existing misery of the people of Ireland.

Since that time, the commissioners of Poor-Law Inquiry have ascertained by actual enumeration, that no less than 2,300,000 of the Irish poor require charitable relief for at least a portion of each year. I *did*, my lord, extol, and loudly extol the charitable benevolence of my countrymen; and though you taunt and deride me for doing so, I repeat my praise. For, my lord, this multitude of paupers, whilst they may blame bad government for their wretchedness, found, as many of them still find, the means of existence in the benevolence of their fellow-countrymen, though almost as wretched as they were themselves—an instance of charitable benevolence, with such limited means, more extensive than that afforded by any other people on the face of the globe.

There remains one phrase in the paragraph which I have last quoted from your pamphlet and commented on, which deserves to stand forth in all the prominence of capitals. Here are your words:—"WERE IT NOT FOR O'CONNELL, WE SHOULD NEVER HEAR OF REPEAL."

If I were disposed to use harsh language, might I not ask how you could presume to make such an assertion? But I will limit myself to asking, whether any man, circumstanced as you are, ever made so unwise and self-derogatory an assertion.

Mark me—until Emancipation was obtained, I postponed all agitation of the Repeal of the Union. But I would not be guilty of any deception. I therefore publicly avowed that the Repeal was my ulterior object; and I declared and acted on the declaration, that it should remain in abeyance until Emancipation was obtained.

But what was your conduct? Listen, Earl of Shrewsbury, to the following paragraph relative to Ireland;

"To say nothing of days long since gone by, "the bare memory of which harrows up the "very soul, let us cast a glance at the history "of times so recent as to be within the recollection of all; and when neither ignorance, "nor barbarism, nor any fancied provocation "to vengeance can plead an excuse, or even "offer a palliation for the wrongs we" [the English] "have inflicted. No details are requisite to illustrate the picture. The shades "are so deep, and the general gloom that pervades the whole piece is so profound, as to "be visible to all. Goaded into rebellion by "the wily policy of a wicked and ambitious "minister; then terrified by the atrocities "committed in her subjugation—she was inveigled into a renunciation of her rights "and a resignation of her independence. "While thus captivated by bribes, overawed

"by threats, and deceived by promises, in an "evil hour did she consent to throw herself on "the mercy of her RELENTLESS MASTER. "She has never ceased to repent her folly; for "she has been a slave instead of a handmaid; "a servile dependent instead of an honourable "partner. Though full seven and twenty years "have elapsed since her marriage articles were "signed, and she became legally betrothed to "her imperious lord, during which period she "has ever most religiously comported herself "as a dutiful and submissive consort, she has "never been permitted to solemnize her nuptials but by mourning and by sorrow. As "yet the note of gladness has never dwelt "upon her ear, nor happiness ever settled on "her brow; neither has she been decked in "her bridal dress nor partaken of her bridal "banquet. The fruits of a happy union have "never yet appeared, neither was it to be expected that they should. For there was too "much of fraud and violence necessary to effectuate the marriage contract. There was too "wide a departure from the principles upon "which alone a happy alliance could be founded, "EVER to allow her to look to other consequences than those which have rendered this Union "so abortive of good and so prolific of evil. "BEING ONLY A UNION OF WORDS AND NOT "OF HEARTS; deficient in all the qualities necessary for a legal marriage, SHE HAS "JUST CAUSE TO DEMAND A DIS-SOLUTION OF THAT TIE, which could "only have been valid and effectual by the free "consent of the contracting parties, and by "the strict fulfilment of the stipulated conditions."\*

Your language becomes too prurient for me to quote more—nor is it necessary.

But in sober truth it is all but utterly incredible that *you* should be the author of the paragraph I have now quoted; that *you* should, twelve years ago, have written and published so strong a reprobation of the Union, and so ardent an appeal for the dissolution of that tie; and yet that you should have *also* published the assertion that "WERE IT NOT FOR O'CONNELL, WE NEVER SHOULD HEAR OF REPEAL"!

It may be accounted for, indeed, if, (as some wicked wags assert) you used the pen and the head of some assistant composer, and only graced the composition of another with your name, and the style, title, and dignity of your blushing honours. If that be so (which I do not believe) the individual who wrote in 1828 the first paragraph, may have been other and different from him who wrote the charge against me in 1841. Thus you might possibly escape the guilt of plain, palpable, untruthful contradiction.

If, on the other hand, you wrote both the first and the last paragraph; if you in 1828 wrote that most powerful and eloquent passage demonstrating the fitness of the Repeal of the Union, without ever having had the slightest

\* "Reasons," &c.—2nd. Edit. pp. li.—lii.



communication or connexion with me upon the subject; if you also wrote and deliberately published in 1841, "that were it not for O'Connell we should *never* hear of Repeal"—mark you, "*never*"! why, in *this* state of facts, I must say you occupy as unenviable a position as any human being possibly can be placed in, who either possesses or affects a regard for veracity. Would to heaven that some one would buy a parrot, and teach him to cry in your ear, "that if it were not for O'Connell, you never should hear of Repeal!"

Read once more your description of the causes and consequences of the Union; and then recollect what it was for which you accused me of "want of charity—of justice—of truth;" in exciting "hatred and animosity" between the two countries: then, if you have the sentiments of a Christian or the feelings of a man, retract—repent—amend!

Delighted as I may be at this exhibition of a man who, without the smallest provocation save the gratitude he owes me, has assailed me in a tone of such unjustifiable virulence, I must not in the hilarity of my triumph forget the interests of Ireland.

You alleged in your anti-union paragraph that Ireland "*consented*" to throw herself on the mercy of her "*relentless master*," meaning thereby England. You are mistaken. Ireland NEVER consented to the Union; as I shall presently show more in detail. Ireland *never did*—Ireland *does not*—Ireland *never will consent to the Union*. She suffers it *only* until the favourable moment occurs to dissolve it, and by dissolving it to render the connexion with the British Crown perpetual.

There remains much more matter deserving of comment in your letter. Though it is not easy to see what your drift is, your leading idea, the "*grande pensée*" of your mind is the sustentation of the Corn-laws. The second object seems to be a preposterous and most uncalled for attack upon me. The third consists in your endeavour to attach the banner of English Catholicity to the ark of triumph of the Tory administration. The first of these I have disposed of. On the second I have said more than enough. Of the third, the most ungracious of all, little more remains to be told. I cannot help, however, noticing the fatal facility with which you persuade yourself of the actual existence of that which is only the deceptive creature of your imagination.

It is this; in page 36 you say, "There is abundant proof that the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and even Lord Lyndhurst, from their own solemn and deliberate declarations, did fully and fairly intend to carry out the Catholic Relief Bill in a spirit of just equality."

Let me assure you that instead of "abundant proof," there is no proof at all of any such thing, but emphatically and directly the reverse. During the discussions on the Catholic Relief Bill, Peel repeatedly insisted on the

great advantages Protestantism would derive from conciliating the prejudices of the Catholics; this he insisted on as the leading reason of the concession to the Catholics. The Duke of Wellington proclaimed his intention to give them a *legal* as contra-distinguished from a *practical* equality; and he has been perfectly consistent ever since. He has always declared that the government should encourage the Protestants. His repeated attacks upon Lord Melbourne's administration, were principally on the ground that it did not *encourage the Protestants*. His cuckoo-cry has always been, "*encourage the Protestants*."

Now you cannot encourage the Protestants *as such*, without preferring them to and excluding the Catholics; and that, it is of course needless to say, is the game which the present administration in Ireland are playing since they came into office.

I wish I could make you perceive in what an anomalous situation you place yourself, when you declare that you are the friend, patron, and advocate of the Tory administration. How bitterly do the people of Ireland feel your cruelty, when they hear that the Catholic Earl of Shrewsbury is the ally and advocate of our present governors! When they see the consistent enemy of Catholic education selected for the coif! When they see the private legal adviser of the Castle chosen from amongst the avowed depopulators of Ireland! When they behold Serjeant Jackson (for his name at all events must have reached you, and therefore description is unnecessary) appointed solicitor general! When they feel that Dr. Lefroy is raised to the supreme bench of justice—a man than whom no more unrelenting enemy of Catholicity ever existed; he whose opposition to the Catholic Emancipation Bill was carried to such an extent, as to declare that the passing of it into law would dissolve the duty of allegiance to the crown; when they feel that *he* is to have the disposal of their properties, their liberties, and their lives; when they perceive that the stipendiary magistrates (whose real responsibility made them honest, or at least kept them so) are in progress of dismissal; and when they hear, shuddering, of the augmentation to the magisterial bench, of irresponsible persons, who are *not the friends* of Catholic Ireland; when they hear and know and feel all this, and much more, and when they learn that *you*, a Catholic earl, are the advocate, supporter, and ally upon principle of this ungenial government—O! with what a hearty execration they will scathe your name, exclaiming, "*He may be Catholic—but is he not English?*" Blame them not, my lord. You yourself told them that "the feeling of hostility amongst the operatives of England to the poor sons of Ireland, is the same which has ever governed the higher classes in their treatment of that unhappy country."

Your Tory friends and allies have not contented themselves with merely disturbing the



sources of justice. They have not been satisfied with selecting partizans for all-important offices. The influence of their deeds has gone infinitely farther than the powers of public functionaries. It has rallied the scattered spirits of Orangism. The yell of "To hell with the Pope!" is again heard triumphant, and that stream of Catholic blood which the Whigs first checked and then stopped, outpours again.

Instead of sneering and taunting us Catholics of Ireland, do but take up some of the *honest* Irish newspapers; in particular take the trouble of reading the *Belfast Vindicator*; you will find the repetition of outrages, which mark the action of Toryism in Ireland since its late restoration to power.

In one number of that paper in the present month, no less than four atrocious outrages are detailed so circumstantially, as to excite that lively interest which the certainty of their truth ought to inspire.

I mean to inflict them all upon you. But in order to seduce you into the perusal, I begin with the lightest:—

"*Cornveany, Dec. 30, 1841.*—About nine o'clock, on the night of Monday last, a number of Orangemen were observed walking along the road leading from Lurgan to Bleary, with guns in their hands, singing Orange songs. When they arrived at the residence of a man named Owen M'Nierney, they fired three shots at his house, and struck the door violently with the butts of their guns, shouting ferociously, 'To Hell with the Pope!' After they had wreaked their wrath sufficiently upon this family, they withdrew, cheering in a most frightful manner. When this insulted man thought it safe to open his door, he observed the wadding burning on the top of the house; and were it not that the day was wet, thus preventing the thatch from taking fire, in all probability the house would have been consumed."

The second is under the same date, and has features of a peculiar character. You will perceive the artillery soldiers were engaged in it. You may also have an inkling of the mode in which justice is administered to the Catholics. You, who are so hearty a Tory, should read, meditate, and inwardly digest these facts;

"*Charlemont.*—The Orangemen of this place are never very backward in the work of destruction and riot. Worse still, the artillery at present stationed here are almost in the daily habit of abusing Catholics. A few days ago, one of these gallant sons of Mars went through the streets, shouting, 'To hell with the bloody Pope!' in a most furious manner. He then commenced an attack on the house of a Catholic, named Ternison, who, in self-defence, retaliated, and struck the artilleryman. A few hours subsequently, Ternison and his journeyman were arrested in their beds by some of the Moy police, without any order from a magistrate, kept all night in Moy blackhole, and next day detained prisoners in Charlemont garrison,

"where they underwent a very lengthened examination, which terminated in the sending of Ternison as a prisoner to Armagh gaol, guarded by a party of the 56th regiment. The result of the investigation has had the effect of stimulating the royal artillery to traverse nocturnally the streets of Charlemont, and abuse any Catholic who may chance to come in their way. On the night of the 28th instant, between the hours of eight and nine o'clock, two bombardiers, when within a few perches of the garrison, commenced shouting, 'To hell with the Pope!' About ten o'clock on Christmas night, the Orangemen of Moy and Charlemont went through the streets of the latter, shouting, 'To hell with the Pope!' when, as Simon, John, and Patrick Ryan, three Catholics, were passing through the town on their way home, they were attacked by a host of Orangemen, who abused them so inhumanly, that they could not be conveyed to Mr. Olphert's, the nearest neighbouring magistrate."

The third requires no comment. Oh! how delighted we ought to be with the English Catholic allies of the present administration! that administration for which you write, and for which the "political caiff" Sir John Gerard votes. If it were not "unmanly," I would suggest to you to place on your escutcheon for the future, "*To hell with the Pope!*" as your best and most appropriate motto.

"On Christmas evening, a number of the Orangemen of Killyman committed a most savage outrage in that locality. As two men named Kennedy were returning home, after accompanying the Catholic clergyman to his own house—the reverend gentleman having had a sick call from their sister-in-law—they were attacked at a place called Loughey's Corner, by a party of vagabonds, who commenced shouting 'To hell with the Pope,' and throwing stones at them in such a violent manner, that the poor men were compelled to fly for refuge to the house of a Protestant named Fulton. Here the Kennedys did not remain long, on account of the riotous conduct of their opponents, who swore that if Fulton did not turn them out, they would pull his house about his ears. Fulton not being able to protect them, the persecuted men took flight for the house of their brother, when they were again hotly pursued. They reached the place in safety; but the ruffians coming up immediately, commenced yelling hideously, throwing volley after volley of stones through the windows and against the door, until the latter was forced open. They then rushed in, and tore down the shelves and every other moveable article they could lay their hands upon; never ceasing until they left the place an entire wreck. In the room lay the dying woman, mother of seven young children, who were all with their parent at the time. Hearing the noise, the little creatures hid themselves under the bedding, thinking that thus they would be safer; but one of the



"ruffians, hearing their cries, went up to the spot, and thrust a bayonet into the coverlet, plunging it into the head of a boy nine years of age. One of the fellows then asked where the price of a cow was, that Kennedy had sold the day before. Notwithstanding all his menaces, he did not succeed in this. Others, finding that the Kennedys had made their escape through a back window, went to the house of one of their brothers-in-law, named M'Gillian, and wrecked his house, tearing his webs, and smashing his weaving apparatus. Poor M'Gillian himself, who is a weak, infirm, old man, they forced to rise from his bed, by encircling his body with the points of their bayonets. They then amused themselves by making him cry out, 'To hell with the Pope!' for some time, after which the ruffians left. Their worthy companions did not retire from Kennedy's, until after the most urgent remonstrances on the part of a respectable Protestant named Wincross. The poor woman and the little wounded boy still remain in a very dangerous state."

There remains one more. It is indeed significant! I cannot detain you from perusing it: and then I will leave you to enjoy the comfortable reflection that *this* is the power you would consolidate and perpetuate. Aye,—and you would do so—sacred heaven!—in the name of religion—of the Catholic religion!

"The public will naturally desire to have the facts connected with the murder of M'Ardle calmly stated; and we give below the desired narrative, as furnished by an authority in every respect competent to the task:—

"A more cold-blooded or atrocious murder than that of M'Ardle was never perpetrated. Recollect, there was no riot, no drunken broil, no provocation whatsoever. The facts are these:—The Orangemen of Shanaghan, who designate themselves by the soubriquet, 'the gold pinks,' and others from the town-lands of Moneysland, Crosskilt, Drumadon-ald, and the neighbouring haunts, retired after the shooting match to a public house on the road leading to Ratesbridge. Four Catholic boys, some of them sons of most respectable farmers in the neighbourhood, passed by where the Orangemen had assembled; and after passing quietly and peaceably down the road, went into another public house, kept also by a Protestant. They had scarcely entered, when word was brought to the landlord of the house, that the Orangemen were coming to murder them, and that their vengeance was particularly directed against one of the M'Ardles, son to Brian M'Ardle—a youth about nineteen years old, of most gigantic strength. At that age he weighed fourteen and a-half stone, all bone and sinew; yet although of such amazing strength, he was one of the most harmless and inoffensive young men in the entire country. It is said that he never was heard of as being engaged in a quarrel. The landlord humanely warned

"him against his danger, and sent him through a back window. He ran to the house of a Catholic, named Murphy. The Orangemen, when they did not find him, assaulted those in the house, and afterwards pursued him in force into the house where he took refuge. After rendering him nearly senseless, they dragged him outside the doors of the house. *Two of the heartless murderers held him, whilst a third, placing the muzzle of the musket loaded with ball close to his heart, literally split the heart in two! Three more came up, and stabbed and mangled the corpse with grape!* His brother received a ball in the head, and is severely wounded. Others were wounded in like manner."

These extracts are taken from a single publication of the *Belfast Vindicator*. There is just placed before me the last *Tablet*—that of Saturday, the 15th of January. Look at page 40 for an extract from the same newspaper of a subsequent date. Read there the appalling fact, that since the restoration of the Orange Tory rule, four foul murders have been perpetrated in one county alone, the county of Down, during the last three months! Read, if you can, with a dry eye, the story of old M'Ardle, roaming through the country with his murdered son's coat on his arm—a raving maniac!

Oh, Lord Shrewsbury! Your friends, the Tories, have a strange way of showing the "joy and generosity of their triumph."

Perhaps this is what you meant, when you assured us at page 6, that the "new men"—as you fantastically called the Tory administration, would in the "joy and generosity of their triumph" be guided by moderation!

You cannot however be permitted to escape condign reprobation upon the poor pretext that you were ignorant of the Orange faction; that you were unacquainted with the iniquitous and sanguinary spirit of that party. No, my lord, I cannot allow you to escape censure on any such pretext. You wrote a book—you wrote a precious book. How sagacious was the exclamation, "Oh that mine enemy would write a book!" Mine enemy has—thanks to my kindly stars—written a book. Let me give you one more quotation from it, to seal your literary and political fate for ever and for aye. Here it is:

"Ireland is given over to a MALEVOLENT FACTION, WHICH, LIKE A RAGING LION, GOETH ABOUT SEEKING WHOM IT MAY DEVOUR—WHICH NOT ONLY PREYS, BUT GORGES ON ITS VICTIMS: a faction against which innocence is no protection, and a verdict of 'not guilty' no acquittal; and to brighten her prospects for the future, her avowed and determined enemies are placed at the head of the government. Good God! when will the follies of our rulers cease?"

Was there ever a passage disclosing a more perfect knowledge of the subject? It is a passage of perpetual truth and ever-living accu-



racy. It is the history of the passing day. But what a most monstrous and unnatural alliance is that which subsists between him who wrote that paragraph, and the "avowed and determined enemies of Ireland," whom he *then* described and has *now* embraced; and amongst whom he is numbered. Alas for consistency!

It is with pain I am forced to declare that it is difficult to calculate arithmetically the number of shapes, in which, in so short a pamphlet, you have rendered yourself the scoff and scorn of the thinking portion of mankind. And even your attempts to escape from the ludicrous position which you have adopted, raise the sense of ridicule to so high a pitch, as to cease to excite merriment, and to render you only worthy of commiseration.

The most ridiculous of all is the effort you make to justify a rebellion, if it had happened in the attainment of Catholic Emancipation. Your *classic* quotation, "in extremis extrema tentanda sunt," goes the full length of revolutionary determination. Pamper yourself with your notions of loyalty as much as you please, it is a jacobin, a chartist phrase; redolent of physical force and sanguinary violence. It seems as if you had preached the doctrine, that the immense good of the end to be achieved justifies any means of achievement. If that be your sentiment, you ought to know that such a maxim directly contradicts Catholic doctrine and morality. You however insist upon it; you assert at page 17, that while you were struggling for Emancipation, the object then was *great, distinct, and pressing*; IT WAS WORTH THE RISK—aye, the risk of insurrection—rebellion—revolution. You add, indeed, that the danger was small. You, however, embraced it; and now avow that you were determined to embrace it in every extremity.

Good my lord, I do assure you I was totally unaware that so humble an agitator as myself had for one of my colleagues so decided a revolutionist as your lordship. To be sure, I knew full well that there was no danger of insurrectionary violence or rebellion. But whilst I was arranging my civic forces for parliamentary victory, you, it seems, had your imagination full of tented fields and glorious deeds of arms. In your martial ardour, you dreamt of an Irish Cressy, Poitiers, or Agincourt. Instead of being the Talbot of peaceful and indefensible Towers, you were in your visions of glory converted into another Talbot of an hundred fights; the triumphant vanquisher on the ensanguined field of slain.

But, in sober sadness, this is precious! Your personal interests were involved in the contest at that time. A question of the utmost importance and value to *you* individually, was agitated. The contest involved *your* elevation from a political state of the lowest degradation, to the high rank, privileges, and prerogatives of the proudest earl in England. Accordingly, every body is called upon by you to admit, that in order to win for you this gemmed and glittering prize, no agitation could be too violent,

no declamation too inflammatory, no eloquence too overpowering; no constituted authorities could be bearded with too much ferocity; no organization could be too revolutionary! Even if all this and much more had existed, you have justified it all in three words, "*it was worth the risk.*"

Is it necessary for me to contrast the overweening preference which you give to the cause, in which were involved your personal interests and privileges, with the contemptuous indifference with which you treat the more tranquil and more patriotic movement, which now animates the peaceful but determined myriads of Irishmen in looking for the Repeal of the Union? That repeal is a national cause. It involves a question between legislative independence and entire servitude. I need only appeal to your own eloquent words already quoted, descriptive of some of the evils that have flowed from the Union. But you have not, my lord, described the one half of these evils. You yourself have told us that your countrymen, "high and low, great and small," hate us. And they have now an opportunity of working out that hatred. You have described the incessant and unmitigated horrors which England has inflicted on us, even before the baleful Union; and which you showed to continue down to your date in 1828. The Poor Law Commission has since brought to light the frightful accession of subsequent misery. The accumulating recurrence of destitution and pestilence mark its frightful progress. Another famine is impending: while our "avowed and determined enemies" (how I thank you for the words!) are placed at the head of the government.

Your pamphlet may be reduced in the language of common sense to a few words, containing the full scope and meaning of your Irish politics. Whilst your own interest was involved in the political contest of Ireland, *then* it was lawful and commendable to incur any risk, to undergo any danger in order to attain *your* object. But *now* it is culpable in the extreme to make any exertion, to continue any agitation for the political rights, the prosperity, or the liberty of Ireland.

For myself; whilst I was labouring not merely *with*, but—what is infinitely more important—for you, there was no encouragement too vivid, no praise too exaggerated, to be bestowed by you upon me. *Now*, when, as I readily admit, nothing can be achieved for you but the giving you in a higher degree that which you already enjoy; *now* indeed the tables are sadly turned, and no censure can be too severe, no insinuation can be too degrading, no invective too gross to be bestowed on me by you.

Perhaps these things are consistent with integrity and simple honesty; but full certain I am that they do not consist with that high chivalrous spirit, which fears to soil its robes of dignity because it knows that a stain is worse than a wound.

There is something yet more distressing in



the contemplation of your fallen estate. It is this. You mix up religion!—religion!—the repetition of religion! in your pamphlet, with unsuitable companions, until the blood boils with indignant sorrow! And then you range religion under such strange banners! You at once disclaim the liberal party in every clime and country; and you place the most sacred cause of religion under the sole protection of the various despotisms and absolute powers in Christendom! You declare, or at least you plainly suggest despotism to be the only protector of the Catholic religion.

Is this wise, is it prudent, but what is infinitely more, is it *true*? Here I meet you foot to foot, and dare you to the combat—I take my position on this—that the despotisms of the world are unfavourable to religion; and on the other hand, that the liberal opinions in politics and the party of the bloodless movement are favourable to the culture of all the moral virtues, and to the development of the great truths of religion, and in particular to the maintenance and propagation of Catholic verity and of the Catholic Church.

The real liberal party alone respect all the SACRED as well as *profane* rights of our fellow men.

The absolutism which you cherish is the promoter and patron of every immorality and practical vice. Look at the courts of all absolute sovereigns ancient and modern; and with few and rare exceptions, you will find them teeming with every sensual gratification which violates the rules of morality and the laws of God. The total absence of responsibility leaves the bad passions without any human restraint, and naturally seduces into the indulgence of the sensual and criminal appetites. It was from the court of France that the practice of domestic profligacy took its abundant source, and deeply inundated the entire land with immorality—that immorality which produced and was punished by the demoniacal horrors of the Revolution.

The church, too, suffers grievously from despotic sovereigns. In fact, the far greater part of her history consists in struggles against the encroachments of despotic power. Absolute monarchs have at all times refused to make the distinction between the dominion over temporal concerns (a dominion which is of their province) and authority in spiritual affairs, which is of a higher order, and belongs to the church of God alone. Uncontrolled in their sway over the lives and fortunes, the laws and institutions of their subjects, they have at all times desired and endeavoured to control the consciences and govern the spiritual concerns of their people.

Their irregular and wicked ambition has led them to usurp, on every possible occasion, that jurisdiction which the divine Redeemer has vested in the head of the Catholic church. Despotic sovereigns have constantly interfered with the communications from the see of Rome to the clergy and laity of their dominions—

communication so essentially necessary to maintain the unity of faith and discipline. They have insisted on the direct appointment, or an absolute control over the nomination to episcopal sees, and to important spiritual dignities. They have substituted, wherever they could, the sword of the state for the staff of the Great Pastor; and they have assumed for the tyrants of the earth dominion over the sacred things of God.

These are not fanciful statements. They are practical grievances, and crimes illustrated by the history of every Christian country that has been subject to despotic rule. In despotic states these crimes are practised at the present day as well as at former periods. The greatest despot in Europe is the greatest enemy of religion, and especially of the Catholic church. The monster Nicholas ought to be the *beau ideal* of your political imagination. And accordingly he is the greatest persecutor of Catholicity, who has lived since the days of Dioclesian. Talk to me after this, of the dangers which you apprehend from the Liberal Movement party!

To go a little back—The monarch of France, when he enjoyed absolute power, was, from the reign of Philip to that of Louis XVI. the tyrant of the church. Under the name of Gallican liberties a real servitude was constructed; and the progress—first of Jansenism, and afterwards of infidelity, might perhaps be traced to the triply fettered state of the clergy.

In Spain and in Portugal too, the kings were no less despotic over the clergy and the church, than they were over the people at large. With the *appearances* of much Catholicity, religion suffered from the servitude of the clergy to the state. And it was in despotic Portugal and Spain that the first edicts issued for the suppression of the great support of literature and religion—the society of the Jesuits.

But to turn to the times we live in; in Protestant Prussia, where perfect absolutism reigns, the Catholic church is in thralldom, and in (as yet) unbroken chains. You may perhaps say it is because Prussia is Protestant. I say she works out her Protestantism through her despotism; and but for the undying but not tumultuary resistance of the Catholic movement party there, Catholicity would be annihilated in the Prussian dominions.

What will you say to Austria? the most Catholic monarchy at present in Europe. Yet I ask you if the Catholic church is not there in perfect thralldom? Does not the emperor claim power and authority over the Catholic church almost as great as that arrogated by Henry the Eighth? The late emperor was personally a religious man; most attentive to all acts of private devotion. Yet he never relaxed the iron grasp which the crafty Metternich made him take of the church. Nothing can be more painful to a rational Catholic, than to think of the degrading rule of a temporal magistrate over the spiritual functionaries. In the Austrian dominions the clergy and the corporals are ap-



pointed after the same fashion, and bound alike to the state by the same implicit unreasoning submission. Besides the crime of thus usurping spiritual authority, religion suffers to the core from the disregard and contempt to which a clergy thus appointed and constituted are necessarily subject: a state dependant clergy are always detested or despised. It is therefore perfectly clear you are thoroughly mistaken when you imagine that absolutism is useful to religion or to the Catholic church.

Here again I have reason to complain of your mode of acting. You endeavour by your advocacy as a Catholic of the Corn Laws, to stain Catholicity itself with the guilt of that sordid monopoly. You endeavour by your advocacy of the prudence of deserting the fallen fortunes of the Whigs, to stain Catholicity with the deepest, the blackest, the most causeless ingratitude that ever dishonoured public men. You endeavour by your assertion of the utility to religion of despotism, to stain Catholicity itself with the foul blot of servility and of attachment to arbitrary power. My humble endeavour is to rescue the sacred cause of the Catholic church from all the defilement of your mistaken advocacy. My conviction thoroughly is that the real liberal party—the peaceful movement party—is that which alone can produce salutary results to man, and also that it most conduces to the good of religion, and the just independence of the Catholic church. It is therefore that I am the humble, but most zealous supporter of that peaceable liberal party, which, for shortness, I shall call the movement party. I cherish it as the best hope of rational freedom. I cherish it, because I am the friend of perfect liberty to every man of every colour, cast, and creed throughout the world. I cherish it, because by leaving conscience unscathed by temporal or legal restrictions, it predisposes man to listen to the sweet soft voice of persuasive truth, and thus gives to Catholicity its genuine influence, whilst it secures the Catholic church itself from the blighting effects of state power, and from the tyrannic sway of temporal authority.

You have one great advantage over me. You dexterously confound the "peaceable liberal party" to which I belong, with the sanguinary wretches who polluted France with blood under the assumed names of "Liberals" and "Friends of Freedom." You confound with us the persons who in many parts of Europe assume the name of liberals, *not* because they are the friends of liberty, but because they are the enemies of religion. Several of these mock liberals have sought to disturb Italy, and have failed. But their mock liberality is triumphant in Spain, where the vile Espartero revels, amidst his ill-gotten power, and in sanguinary persecution of the Catholic clergy and church.

I belong not to such parties. I am more their enemy than you are. The party to which I belong has a necessary tendency to promote private morality and the practice of every public virtue.

Yes! With a popular government, private

morality is under the guard of public opinion. And a free press has frequently more control, is more potential to restrain the enormity of vice, than the influence of much teaching. In a popular government, legitimate ambition can be best gratified through the channels of popular elections; and no man can afford to undergo the ordeal of a really democratic election, unless his private character and moral conduct are so correct as to enable him to defy any serious accusation of guilt or turpitude.

It may be said that I exaggerate the good effects of democratic institutions. But it cannot possibly be denied, that the efficacy of public opinion in such institutions, must have considerable influence in causing men to be really that which they would wish others to believe them to be.

It is to the church—to the Catholic church, that the honest spirit of democracy ought to be, and *must* be, the most useful. In an honest democracy, there would be no paramount interest to subjugate the church, or to seek to make it the creature of the state. The respect which each person would claim for his own opinion, would require of him to treat with equal justice the opinions of others, and the hopelessness of establishing a clerical ascendancy, would take away from sectarianism the temptation to turbulence and the temporal reward of bigotry. Under such a government, the church would be free; uncontrolled by temporal enactments, and totally unchecked by legislative restrictions. The intercourse with the centre of unity would be as unfettered as the intercourse by letter through the post-office. And the hierarchy would meet no impediment in their arrangements touching spiritual matters, which thus would be forever separated from merely political concerns. The differences on matters of belief between the various classes of Christians, would be left open to free discussion and tranquil reasoning. And from contests of that description, the Catholic church would have every thing to hope, and nothing to fear.

That religion and the church would be left free under a popular government is not mere matter of theory. Its practical proofs abound. And as I began with the effects on religion of despotism in Russia, I will now first refer to the political antipodes of that country—the United States of America. Here, if any where, the democratic spirit exists, and animates the entire government; and here religion extends, and the church accordingly prospers. When the thirteen States were provinces of Great Britain, there was no Catholic bishop in British America. Even after their independence was established, there was but one bishop. Behold how gloriously that church now stands forward? There are now in the United States one archbishop, and twenty bishops—in all twenty-one. Catholicity is spreading at every side. The English travellers, notwithstanding all their paltry prejudices against the Catholic religion, admit—I use their own words—that



its increase is "rapid"—"surprising"—"enormous." Some of them, in the excess of their fears, excited by the facts that surround them, declare that all the professing Christians of America will speedily be Catholics; whilst others, restrained by their prejudices, limit that pleasing anticipation to what are called the Western countries; that is, the great valleys of the Ohio, Missouri, and the Mississippi; immense, almost incalculable tracts of fertile countries, rapidly becoming peopled with myriads of human beings, all destined to be Catholics.

From America let us pass rapidly to the banks of the Rhine, and there you will find that the protection of Catholicity against the despotism of Prussia, to which I have already alluded, is entirely due to the spirit of the movement amongst the people. Men imbued, like you, with the apathy arising from Tory opinions, would have submitted, and acquiesced, and permitted the mischief to be completed, whilst you hoped for something good to arise at some future period from the "joy and generosity" of your triumphant enemies. The Rhenish people were not of that disposition. And the ground-swell of popular discontent, that presages the coming storm, was distinctly perceived. And the throes of the struggling though pent-up volcano were becoming daily more and more perceptible. Then, indeed, (but not before) the Prussian government deemed it prudent to stifle the causes of coming mischief; and to promise, (and at least *in part* to perform the promise) to give more freedom and security to the Catholic Church in the Prussian dominions. Thanks to the movement spirit of the people for this, or perhaps shortly a more useful result!

May you not, my lord, pause for one moment upon Ireland, and see whether her moral condition has not improved during our democratic struggles for extended freedom. I might incur again your contemptuous sneer, if I were to praise my loved fellow-countrymen as they really deserve. But without meaning *you* any offence, I may be permitted to remark that the only country in the world capable of exhibiting the moral miracle of upwards of four millions of human beings pledged to perfect sobriety, is *my* country—Ireland! You cannot deny that this result has been produced after the moral elements of political strife were raised into agitation, and kept in commotion longer and more continuously than in any other country in Europe: thus proving that the democratic principle has its tendency to elevate the mind and improve the moral tact and feeling. We are, my lord, eminently a Catholic people. Our glorious and unbroken hierarchy—the unclouded jewel of our once national crown, is in perfect canonical submission and in perfect Catholic attachment to the centre of unity—the Holy See. We do combine the principle of the fullest civil liberty with the most entire religious fidelity to the faith and doctrine of the Catholic church. Even I myself cannot resist

the impulse that makes me declare, that whilst no man living is a more ardent and undeviating advocate of the purest principles of democratic liberty than I am, so there is not in christendom any one human being more submissive to the authority of the church, or more obedient to the voice of her chief pastor.

My individual opinions on these subjects are, I well know, of no importance or value for being mine. They are deserving of attention and respect, only because of their identity with those of the universal Catholic people of Ireland.

There is much in your pamphlet which has given me pain—bitter pain; it grieves me exceedingly to see the Catholic Earl of Shrewsbury exhibit such rankling prejudices against the development of the principles of civil liberty. Why, you carry this envenomed prejudice to so great an extent, as actually to tarnish with your suspicions and doubts the glorious and successful struggles of the Belgian people in the sacred cause of religion and liberty.

Do you recollect the state of the Belgians before their "glorious and immortal" revolution? Loaded with an enormous public debt, which the Belgians never contracted, never got value for, and did not justly owe; oppressed by cruel taskmasters, "aliens in blood, in language, and in religion;" impoverished to support those oppressors in riot and luxury, they endured all the political evils that misgovernment could inflict. But still worse was the state of their religious sufferings. Protestantism has in itself something so foreign from stability or security, that it must necessarily be intolerant of dissent. Besides, the scheme of the late king, whose mantle (rather the worse for the wear) has fallen on the present monarch,—his scheme, I say, to form a great Protestant power in the centre of Europe, of which *he* was to be the chief leader, was eagerly embraced by the king of the Netherlands, under the auspices of the English Tory government. The Belgian Catholics were accordingly persecuted with emaciating rigour; not the persecution of the sword and the faggot, and of the other cruelties of the Vandermerks and the Sonois of former days, which, though they inflicted the pains, yet conferred the glory of martyrdom. No! the persecution of the Netherland king was of a low, pettifogging, unhonouring nature. It was more like the rancour of an envious trader, and more suited to the malignity of an under-sold manufacturer. It was, however, skilfully managed, and admirably contrived for success. The Catholic Belgians were discountenanced in every way. They were discouraged in every trade and branch of industry; and Protestants, especially Dutch Protestants, preferred to them. They were excluded from all the high ranks, almost without exception, in the army; from all the high stations, almost without exception, in the revenue and judicial departments. They were admitted only in small numbers and with much difficulty in the lower ranks, grades, and stations from which they could not be well altogether excluded. They were reduced to



something like the state of serfs in their native land. Practically they were a slave class, having a master class ruling them. Even in the legislature, Holland, with one-half the population of Belgium, had as many representatives as Belgium; a most iniquitous, although, my gentle lord, a *mitigated* copy of what you advocate elsewhere!

The attack on the Catholic religion and Catholic church was still more insidious, more artful, and of course more criminal. The plan was first to leave the several dioceses without bishops, and in the absence of the pastors to corrupt and defile the immediate guardians of the flocks. Accordingly, as the sees became vacant, the king prevented their being filled. In the beginning this was done under the pretext that there should first be a regular concordat or compact between the Pope and the State. The king demanded from the Pope a veto upon the nomination of the bishops; that is, in other words, a circuitous power of appointment; for he who has an unrestricted veto, has really the selection of the bishop. The inconvenience was manifest; yet as see after see became vacant, the Pope at length fearing that the Belgian prelacy would be totally exhausted—there were, as I recollect, all the dioceses vacant except one—did in an unhappy hour concede the veto to the king; a concession which I trust neither the present nor any other Pope will ever again make to any other monarch, potentate, or state—Catholic or Protestant.

The king now expected to be able to fill the vacant episcopacies with pliant slaves in holy orders. But to the immortal glory of the Catholic priesthood of Belgium, not one corrupt priest could there be found to enter into the king's views or to promote his sacrilegious purposes. The consequence was, that although the king had the power of appointment thus in his hands, not one single bishop was consecrated, and there remained but one bishop in the entire Belgian territory at the epoch of the liberation of that nation!

The project for the ruin of the parochial clergy was still more crafty, subtle, and disgusting. Education was interfered with at its source. The diocesan seminaries should not exist. The succession of pastors was to be interrupted. I may include all in one sentence—no priest should be ordained to serve in the Belgian church, unless he should first spend three or four years in the Philosophic College in Louvain! The young man was thus to be taken from the protection, care, and guidance of experienced instructors of known piety and learning; he was to be taken from the precept speaking by example of his pious sacerdotal superiors; he was to be taken just at the period when nature, in the freshness of youth, is most exposed to every bad passion, and is most strongly tempted to every vice. At that period, the youth was to be taken from his spiritual fathers, teachers, friends! He was to be exposed to the loose discipline, the lax habits, the sneering infidelity of worthless companions, and

more powerfully corrupting instructors. He was to prepare for the awful duties and painful restraints of the priesthood, by just that kind of course which would be best calculated to render him totally unfit for that high and holy office.

The Belgians—blessed be heaven!—have flung off the incubus of tyranny and bigotry. The people possess their natural rights; the representatives are chosen by most extensive suffrage. The native country of the Belgians is possessed and governed by the Belgians themselves. Well regulated freedom affords protection to all—partiality to none. Education is free; the press is free; conscience is free. The churches are filled with pious pastors of the people. The dioceses boast of their dignified and sanctified prelacy. The diocesan seminaries flourish. The Jesuits—the exemplary and admirable Jesuits—extend the blessings of education in all arts and sciences to the wealthier classes; whilst the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine spread useful and above all pious knowledge amongst the humbler and poorer classes. The sainted sisterhoods of nuns distribute similar blessings amongst the females of every rank and station.

Conscience, my lord, is free. In Belgium, no legal preference, no legal exclusion affects the full freedom of man's conscience! In that eminently Catholic country, there exists no coercion or control by the law or the constitution over the perfect freedom of worship. In that eminently Catholic country, the pure democratic principle of representation is successfully worked out to almost its fullest extent. How I rejoiced, when the virtuous De Thieux proposed in the Belgian house of representatives, a grant to build a church for the Protestants of Brussels. The motion for the grant was carried in that Catholic assembly by a large majority; a majority of nearly two to one. There were four Catholic priests in the division; and if *one* voted against it, *three* voted for it, and made part of the majority in its favour.

How little does the narrow-minded bigotry of English Protestantism and infidelity understand these things! Do you also forget that the punishment of death has been for some years abolished in Catholic Belgium. The experiment has perfectly succeeded, and humanity is freed from one of the greatest of horrors.

But you, my lord—you are so horror-struck at popular liberty, that you actually "*question*" whether the Belgian revolution has done more of good or of evil! Why, it was *you* who some time ago deemed it but small risk to peril "blood and blows," aye, "brains and blood," in a quarrel in which your personal privileges were involved! the emancipation struggle; and yet you shrink from the results of that goodly, glorious change, which gave cheering, national independence, in the room of heartless foreign subjugation; which gave the rule of law in place of the arbitrary will of the oppressor; and substituted for the unconcealed conspiracy to extinguish Catholicity, the benevolent reign



of freedom of conscience, and the consequent triumphant security of the Catholic religion and Catholic church.

In your capacity of a Tory, you may embrace despotism in all its forms, and rest all your hopes of the security of your rights, and the safety of your creed, upon "the joy and generosity" of dominant minions of absolute power.

For my humble part, I will, notwithstanding your authority, continue to believe that the real security to human rights is to be found in the expansion of popular liberty; and that the best temporal safeguard of religion is to be met with among men devoted to the amelioration of political institutions, and the redress of all popular grievances.

It is true that your antipathy to liberal opinions in politics appears to be especially animated with regard to the Repeal of the Union. The Repeal is, in your judgment, the great evil—the giant-mischief of liberality. Is it credible that you have the vanity to believe, that the Irish people could be swayed by your lucubrations, put into the shape of a pamphlet, to abandon or postpone the agitation of that measure? If that vanity be yours, it will be totally disappointed. You may as well assail a citadel with a pop-gun, as think of staying the course of the Repeal struggle by your small logic! Learn from me that the repeal is already canonized in the hearts of the Irish people, and that its attainment is a pure question of time. Casual circumstances may retard it; unexpected events may accelerate it. **BUT THERE IS NO OTHER HOPE FOR IRELAND;** and even if there were, the Repeal is so much preferable to any other relief, that its advent is inevitable.

As for myself, I have no apology to make; I offer no excuse; I require no vindication for my agitation of the Repeal. On the contrary, the pride and the boast of my life now is, that I have devoted all my energies, and consecrated all the rest of my existence to the restoration of the Irish parliament. That this is my solemn and sacred duty, I am thoroughly persuaded. My conviction is deliberate, and fixed upon these points.

**FIRSTLY.**—"That Ireland has a clear, indefeasible right to a parliament of her own; the Union being in constitutional principle a nullity; there having been no competent authority to annihilate the constitution of Ireland."

**SECONDLY.**—"That even if there had been a competent authority to enact the Union, yet the means used for that purpose were so notoriously unjust, and profligately iniquitous, that the union for this cause alone would be a nullity."

**THIRDLY.**—"That even if the union were not a nullity, from the defect of competence, or from the iniquitous mode of obtaining it, yet there is no real union at all, nor any thing more than an oppressive mockery of a union."

**FOURTHLY.**—"That this union has inflicted injustice, oppression, and misery unparalleled, on Ireland; and there is not, and cannot be,

"any hope for present redress, or future security, save by a restoration of the Irish Parliament."

In England, the first of these topics is totally disregarded—the inherent and essential invalidity of the union. There is a species of robber-conscience made up on the subject. They have gotten the spoil, and deem it superfluous to inquire how the spoliation was achieved. But the rightful owner is knocking at the door to demand restitution; and that demand will become too loud and too multitudinous to be neglected. You must answer for your title, to withhold what is justly and lawfully ours.

Yes. It is perfectly clear that there was no authority competent to enact the Union. The right to an Irish Parliament was a right inherent in the inhabitants of that country. It was a common law right, part and parcel of the inheritance of the English people, the right to be taxed only by *their own* representatives—the right to have the laws by which they are governed made by their own representatives. The right practically exhibited itself in Ireland almost as soon as it became ostensible in England. It is true that at first and for many years a Parliament was enjoyed by and confined to persons of English descent. The Parliament was in its origin confined to the English Pale, and it expanded or shrank in its dimensions as the English power extended or was contracted. But the Irish who became subjects participated in the right, showing that it was an essential portion of English freedom—inherent in the natural frame of English policy. At length, in the reign of James the First, the English power extended all over Ireland. The remnants of the Irish nation were admitted to the fellowship of allegiance, duties, and franchises; the royal prerogative also expanded, and was employed more abundantly than wisely. All Ireland thus had her rightful parliament, and continued to have it from 1612 to the year 1800.

The Irish parliament was thus founded on constitutional principles sanctioned by long usage; and sustained by analogy to the English form of government. It was also fortified by the experience of the colonies and dependencies of England. Wherever Englishmen or Irishmen, or both, settled, they carried with them the right of representation. The thirteen States of North America, while they were provinces of England, had each its local parliament. The English subjects in Canada enjoyed and enjoy the same privilege; so in Nova Scotia; so in Jamaica; I need not multiply instances. A local parliament is the inherent and ineffaceable right of subjects of the crown of England, wherever they are located in sufficient numbers to exercise that right.

Ireland had and enjoyed this right for centuries. She had as valid a title to a parliament as England had—perhaps a better; because Ireland having been left to her own protection during the American war, raised a volunteer army upwards of 80,000 strong, horse, foot, and artillery, levied, clothed, and disciplined, without the expense of one shilling of the public



money. She set the foreign enemy at defiance. Ireland might then without difficulty have separated from England, and established, after the example of America, a government altogether national. But Ireland chose, as she still desires, to preserve the connexion with England. Ireland however insisted that the conditions of her future connexion should be defined. Her just demands were acceded to. Her legislative independence was formally recognized, and was established "for ever." Her judicial independence was formally recognized, and established "for ever." Ireland had thus recognized by England, and declared perpetual, her exclusive right of making her own laws; of interpreting her own laws; of administering her own laws. She had the exclusive dominion over her own taxation, debt, and revenue. In short, the result was a recognition in practical effect of all these rights which she was entitled to; and which she had, notwithstanding some interruptions and English usurpations, enjoyed for centuries.

There never yet was a more deliberate and solemn national compact. It was declared, on all sides, to be a "final adjustment." That was the appropriate description of this compact given to it in the king's speech to the English parliament—in the lord lieutenant's speech to the Irish parliament—in the responding address of the British lords, and also of the British commons—in the responding address of the Irish lords and also of the Irish commons.

But the greatest validity of this compact was its being formed on the clearest inherent right and on the most unquestionable constitutional principle. By its ratification, England preserved the brightest, the emerald gem of the British crown; and Ireland fondly believed that she had secured *for ever* her legislative independence.

Such was the "final adjustment of 1782: Ireland with her proverbial fidelity performed her part. England with her proverbial treachery violated the "final adjustment" so soon as she found, or rather made an opportunity for its violation.

That violation has not, and cannot have taken away the right. Fraud or force, or both together, can never take away the right to any property; still less can they destroy the unalterable, indefeasible right to self-government. Such is the actual right of Ireland to self-government; suspended in its operation for the present, but existing in truth, reason, justice, and constitutional principle, as fully and as powerfully as if no invasion had been made in its practical working.

First, there is the clear principle, that the right of the people of Ireland to self-government could not be extinguished. Secondly, the Irish parliament was totally incompetent to enact the Union. Consider the nature and purpose of its formation. In its nature it emanated from, and was subordinate to the constitution. In its nature it was strictly confined within the limits of the constitution. Its purposes were, within those limits, to do right and justice to all men.

On the other hand, it was not instituted to destroy the constitution, or any part thereof. It could not abolish the kingly office nor the peerage, nor annihilate the house of commons.

Let it be recollected, that I am now speaking of the **RIGHTFUL AUTHORITY** to do these things;—*not* of the **POWER** to do them. Any branch of the legislature may, in bad times and by bad means, acquire the **POWER** of abolition and of annihilation of the rest. But that **POWER** does not—cannot—change the **RIGHT**. The Long Parliament abolished the kingly office, and took off the head of the king. They did the one by a formal statute—the other by a recorded judicial proceeding. But no man hesitates to declare, that both the one and the other were outrages and crimes, and *not* a binding law or an authorised judgment. The statute was admitted to be of no rightful force or effect: and accordingly, when, by change of times, Charles II. was able to return to England, he assumed the throne at once. It entered into no man's thought that it was necessary to repeal the *Abolition-of-royalty Statute*, or to make any *law* of restoration. The kingly office was at once in full life, and was judicially, as well as universally, admitted to have been, in point of right and justice, and of constitutional principle, existing all the time of the king's absence; and historians, statesmen, and lawyers, all reckon the years of the king's forced inaction as years of his actual reign.

So with respect to the peerage. The same parliament abolished the house of lords. It was an abolition by *power*, and not of *right*.—And, accordingly, the house of lords revived with the restored monarchy, without any *restoring law*, or any person imagining that it was or could be necessary formally to abrogate the abolishing ordinance!

No. The peerage was judicially, as well as universally, admitted to have been in existence, in point of right, of justice, and of constitutional principle, all the time of its apparent annihilation.

So with respect to the house of commons itself; that was also abolished, and a clumsy "Instrument of Government" substituted in its stead. But it was an abolition by power, and *not* of right; and accordingly the functions of the commons revived with the privileges of the peerage and with the authority of the monarch; without any *restoring law*, or any person imagining that it was or could be necessary to abrogate the "Instrument of Government." No. The right to elect a house of commons was judicially as well as universally admitted to have been, in point of right, of justice, and of constitutional principle, existing all the time of its apparent annihilation.

**THUS THE IRISH CONSTITUTION STILL LIVES.** The prerogatives attached to her Majesty's imperial crown of Ireland still exist.—The privileges of the Irish peers still exist. And the just right of the Irish people, in point of justice, and of constitutional principle, to representation in the Irish house of commons,



subsists in the full and undiminished rightful capacity.

The prerogatives of the Irish crown have been shorn of some of their beams by the Union. Yet they are capable of expanding again; and of reviving and restoring into pristine vigour and practical operation the entire constitution of Ireland.

This ground of *want of competence* in the parliament to enact the Union, was taken at the time the measure was in agitation. It was taken at several meetings, and embodied in published resolutions and petitions to both houses. It was asserted in parliament, and had in and out of parliament the sanction of the highest names in the profession of the law; the highest amongst whom was Plunket.

Here are his solemn words, in a speech in the house of commons against the Union:—

"I, in the most express terms, deny the competence of parliament to do this act. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hands upon the constitution. I tell you that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this act, IT WILL BE A NULLITY, and no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make this assertion deliberately, and call on any man who hears me to take down my words. YOU HAVE NOT BEEN ELECTED FOR THIS PURPOSE. YOU HAVE BEEN APPOINTED TO MAKE LAWS, NOT LEGISLATURES. YOU ARE APPOINTED TO ACT UNDER THE CONSTITUTION; NOT TO DESTROY IT. YOU ARE APPOINTED TO EXERCISE THE FUNCTIONS OF LEGISLATORS; NOT TO TRANSFER THEM: AND IF YOU DO SO, YOUR ACT IS A DISSOLUTION OF THE GOVERNMENT, AND NO MAN IN THE LAND IS BOUND TO OBEY YOU."

Again, in another passage, he addressed the house thus;

"*Yourselves you may extinguish, BUT THE PARLIAMENT YOU CANNOT EXTINGUISH.—IT IS ENTHRONED IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE—IT IS ENSHRINED IN THE SANCTUARY OF THE CONSTITUTION—IT IS IMMORTAL AS THE ISLAND IT PROTECTS! AS WELL MIGHT THE FRANTIC MANIAC HOPE THAT THE ACT WHICH DESTROYS HIS MISERABLE BODY SHOULD EXTINGUISH HIS ETERNAL SOUL! DO NOT DARE TO LAY YOUR HAND UPON THE CONSTITUTION—IT IS ABOVE YOUR POWER.*"

Such was the solemnly delivered and recorded judgment of Plunket. Is his authority to be disputed? It cannot be because of any censure he incurred or punishment he suffered for the promulgation of these opinions. Quite the reverse. He attained and enjoyed the highest station and honours in his profession. He was made master of the rolls in England. He was made chief justice of the common pleas, in Ireland. He was made a British peer. He finally filled the office of lord chancellor of Ireland for more than ten years. Can his authority be disputed?

Plunket was a Whig. The next is a high

Orange-Tory authority—it is that of William Saurin.

"You may make the Union" said he, "binding as a law, BUT YOU CANNOT MAKE IT OBLIGATORY ON CONSCIENCE. It will be obeyed so long as England is strong; but resistance to it will be in the abstract a duty, and the exhibition of that resistance will be a mere question of prudence." The man who proclaimed this doctrine as his solemn conscientious opinion and advice, was soon after made attorney-general for Ireland. He continued for more than twenty years in that office; possessing more of the confidence of the English government—all Tories—than any other attorney-general that ever held that office. He was the high orange attorney-general of Perceval, and Castlereagh, and Peel. He was offered, and he refused, the seat of lord chief justice of Ireland.

YES. THE UNION IS A NULLITY. I attest Plunket and Saurin for the doctrine. The immortal soul of the Irish constitution still lives, glorious and perpetual. It is not dead—it only sleeps—to be aroused into active existence once again, "so soon as England ceases to be strong," and Ireland ceases to be weak in her internal dissensions. Until then the Union is to be obeyed as a law, sustained by judicial and military power; but "the abstract duty of resistance" will be unchanged, and the question of prudence left to coming events; with this consolation—that when the hour for the peaceful assertion of existing rights shall arise—and I believe it not to be remote—the prerogatives of our gracious queen will speedily and satisfactorily restore the constitution of Ireland.

The second position, namely, "That even had there been an authority competent to enact the Union, yet the mode and means of procuring that enactment were so flagitiously iniquitous, as to render the enactment utterly void and of no rightful effect."

Upon this head I need do little more than quote some authorities. Lord Shrewsbury himself admits that in order to carry the union, "Ireland was goaded into rebellion by the wily policy of a wicked and ambitious minister; then terrified by the atrocities committed in her subjugation."

But the wily policy of that ambitious minister was still more wicked than Lord Shrewsbury has admitted. For the people were not only, on the one hand, goaded into rebellion; but, on the other hand, the rebellious proceedings were actually fostered, until the organization was considered sufficiently extended, to produce an explosion violent enough to enable the Crown to obtain *despotic authority* in order to put it down. The direct evidence of this diabolical fomentation of rebellion is to be found in the fact, that the progress of the military organization of the Presbyterians of Ulster (the treasonable conspiracy having commenced with them) was perfectly well known to the Government for eleven months prior to the



*rebellion.* It appears by the report of the house of lords, that during all that time one of the rebel colonels was a spy in the pay of the Treasury, and that he transmitted to the Castle regular reports of all the meetings and proceedings! THE GOVERNMENT COULD THEREFORE AT ANY PERIOD DURING THOSE ELEVEN MONTHS, HAVE LAID HOLD ON THE ENTIRE OF THE REBEL STAFF. And of course they would have done so, if they had not had in view the ulterior object; to obtain which, they thought any sacrifice of blood cheap. That object was the Union.

This wily and wicked minister also promoted the most bitter religious dissensions among all classes of the people. But let me use Lord Plunket's words, in his charge against that minister:—"I accuse him," said he, "of fomenting the embers of a lingering rebellion; of hallooing the Protestant against the Catholic, and the Catholic against the Protestant; of artfully keeping alive domestic dissensions for the purposes of subjugation."

This was not all. It should be recollected that, during the entire time in which the Union was discussed, martial law was proclaimed, the habeas corpus act was suspended; there was in Ireland no species of legal protection for property, liberty, or life. The persons of the king's Irish subjects were at the caprice of the king's ministers. The jails were crammed with victims unaccused by any species of legal evidence; and the scaffolds were actually reeking with the blood of wretches untried by any legal tribunal.

All the time the Union was under discussion, courts martial had unlimited power over life and limb. Bound by no definite form of charge, and by no fixed rule of evidence, the courts martial threatened with death those who dared to resist the spoliation of their birth-right; and awarded execution against whom they pleased.

During that time the use of torture was familiar. Men against whom there was no evidence of guilt, were flogged, very many nearly to death, to extort confessions. Some were actually flogged to death, and died under the excruciating torment.

There were upwards of 175,000 British bayonets in Ireland. The officers had recognized power of life and death. The "Ancient Britons" and other private soldiers took that power. Public meetings were called by magistrates and other local authorities to petition against the Union. They were either prevented from assembling, or were dispersed when they met, by military violence. Two prominent and striking instances amongst many may be related. A meeting of the nobility, gentry, and freeholders of the county of Tipperary was duly convened by the high sheriff, to meet at Clonmel, in order to petition against the Union. The meeting was attended by noblemen and gentlemen of rank, fortune, and undoubted loyalty. Yet the high sheriff had scarcely taken the chair, when a division of the army

marched into the court house, drove the sheriff from the chair, and dispersed the meeting.—The sacred right of petition was violated by a like military outrage at Maryborough. Although the meeting was convened by the high sheriff of the Queen's county, yet it was dispersed by Colonel Connor of the North Cork militia, at the head of a party of horse, foot, and artillery.

I am spared all trouble, however, save that of copying the emphatic description by Lord Plunket of the time and manner of carrying the Union. Here are the words of Plunket:

"I will be bold to say, that licentious and impious France, in all the unrestrained excesses that anarchy and atheism have given birth to, has not committed a more insidious act against her enemy, than is now attempted by the professed champion of civilised Europe against Ireland—a friend and ally in the hour of her calamity and distress. At a moment when our country is filled with British troops—when the Habeas Corpus Act is suspended—whilst trials by courts martial are carrying on in different parts of the kingdom—while the people are made to believe that they have no right to meet and deliberate, and whilst the people are palsied by their fears; at the moment when we are distracted by internal dissensions—dissensions kept alive as the pretext of our present subjugation and the instrument of our future thralldom—such is the time when the Union is proposed."

Such was the time, and such the manner, in which the Union was proposed and carried.—Breathes there a man so devoid of all sense of justice as to say, that the Irish could be justly, and as of right, deprived of their native legislature by means such as these? Even Lord Shrewsbury admits—I quote his own words—"that there was too much of fraud and violence to effectuate the Union; there was too wide a departure from the principles on which alone a happy alliance could be founded, EVER to allow Ireland to look to other consequences than those which have rendered the Union so abortive of good and so prolific of evil."

But the direct means of carrying the Union, were if possible more infamous and iniquitous still. It was the most open, base, and profligate bribery and corruption that ever yet stained the annals of any country.

The late lord chief justice Bushe declared,—I use his words,—"*that the basest corruption and artifice were exerted to promote it; that all the worst passions of the human heart were entered into the service; and all the most depraved ingenuity of the human intellect was tortured to devise new contrivances of fraud.*"

The leading feature in the Union was the daring profligacy of the bribery and corruption by which it was carried. They were reduced into a regular system. They were avowed in the house; acted on every where. The minister set about purchasing votes. He opened office with full hands. The peerage was part of his stock in trade, and he made some two



score of peers in exchange for union votes.—The episcopal bench was brought into the market, and ten or twelve bishopricks were trucked for Union votes. The bench of "justice" became a commodity; and one chief justice, and eight puisne judges and barons ascended the bench as the price of votes for the Union! It would extend beyond my calculation to make out a list of the generals, admirals, and colonels, and navy captains, and other naval and military promotions, that rewarded personal or kindred votes for the Union.

The revenue departments have long been the notorious merchandize of corruption. It is not surprising, therefore, that the board of excise and customs, either conjointly or separately, and the multifarious other fiscal offices, especially the legal offices, were filled to suffocation as the rewards of Union votes.

The price of a single vote was familiarly known. It was £8,000 in money: or a civil and military appointment to the value of £2,000 per annum.

Lord Castlereagh actually declared in the House of Commons, that he would carry the Union, though it might cost more than half a million in mere bribes! His words, as reported by Grattan, are these:—"Half a million, or more, were expended some years since to break an opposition. The same, or a greater sum may be necessary now." Such was the open, the unblushing, the impudent effrontery of Lord Castlereagh. Grattan added, "He (Lord Castlereagh) had said so in the most extensive sense of bribery and corruption. The threat was proceeded on—the peerage sold—the catiffs of corruption were everywhere—in the lobby—in the streets, on the steps, and at the doors of every parliamentary leader: offering titles to some—offices to others—corruption to all."

Lord Castlereagh went to an extent of corruption far beyond the half-million for bribes. The parliamentary papers, published since the Union, show that no less than £1,275,000 were paid as the actual purchase money of close and rotten boroughs. And the best calculation of the actual bribes, over and above the borough purchase, was no less than £1,500,000.

Yet, strange to say, all this direct corruption did not avail. The Union was rejected by the Parliament of 1799; and was carried in that of 1800, chiefly by the introduction into nomination boroughs of Scotch and English officers, quartered in Ireland, but having no species of connexion by birth or property with this country.

Although every possible opposition was given to the petitions of the Irish people, yet it should be recorded to the honour of that people, that no less than 707,000 of them petitioned against the Union; whilst all the artifices and direct bribery of the government could not procure full 5,000 to petition in its favour.

Let it be remarked, that no one has ever yet

had the audacity to say that the Union was a bargain between the two countries. It stands out in its native deformity—the mere creature of fraud, force, bribery, terror, and corruption; utterly incapable in its nature, of depriving Ireland of her clear right to her own parliament.

Having thus shown that there was no authority competent to extinguish the Irish parliament, and that even had there been such an authority, yet the means of carrying the Union were so flagitious that they could not confer any right upon England, or deprive Ireland of any right; I proceed to my third assertion.

THIRDLY, "That even if the Union were not a nullity, from the defect of competence, or from the iniquitous mode of obtaining it; yet there is no real Union at all, nor anything more than an oppressive mockery of a Union."

There is no real Union. If there were, there would be no difference between the franchises, rights, and privileges of the two nations. A real Union would be an amalgamation of both. Both would be combined.—They would be one nation—one people; not two nations—two people; the inhabitants of Kent and of Kerry, of Meath and of Hampshire, would be identified; or rather England, Scotland, and Ireland would be identified. There would be no preference for one, and enmity for the other. The inhabitants of one would be on a perfect equality with those of the others. National jealousies and antipathies would be totally unknown, for their causes would have ceased to exist. There is no legal distinction between Englishmen and Englishmen; there would be no legal distinction between Irishmen and Englishmen.

But is this so? Is there such an amalgamation? such an identification of the two nations! No man is absurd enough to allege that there is; it is perfectly plain that there is not. It follows of inevitable, irresistible conclusion, that there is no real Union.

On this point, my lord, your authority is express. You yourself have avowed that the Union made Ireland "the slave of her relentless master," (namely England) and not a "handmaid; the servile dependent instead of an honourable partner." You declared, and declared truly, "that the Union was ABORTIVE OF GOOD AND PROLIFIC OF EVIL; being only a union of words, not of hearts; of force, not of affection."

If the Union were real, the Irish people would have the enjoyment of the same freedom, in matters pertaining to religion, that the people of England and of Scotland have.

The people of England have this religious freedom; that the entire English people are not compelled to apply the ecclesiastical state revenues of England to the support of the church of a small minority of the English nation. On the contrary, these revenues are appropriated to the sustentation of the church of the great majority of that nation.

The people of Scotland have this religious



freedom—that the entire Scotch people are not compelled to apply the ecclesiastical state revenues of Scotland to the support of the church of a small minority of the Scotch people. On the contrary, these revenues are appropriated to the sustentation of the church of the overwhelming majority of that nation.

The people of Ireland alone of the three nations, do not enjoy this religious freedom. On the contrary they endure this miserable servitude, embittered by the contrast with the two other countries, that the ecclesiastical state revenues of Ireland are exclusively appropriated to the church of an exceedingly small minority of the Irish nation.

Thus, in this most important concern, the Union is a barefaced mockery, and resembles in nothing a real Union.

This is probably the most unendurable inferiority that could be inflicted on any country, under the delusive pretext that there was a Union with the ascendant nation.

Look next at another insulting inferiority. England and Scotland have enjoyed an ample measure of municipal reform for several years.

Ireland was contemptuously refused any municipal reform during those years, and finally received a restricted, limited, and vexatious measure of municipal reform.

Is it possible for you to call that a Union? Can anybody be found sufficiently audacious to assert, that a Union is the right name for such a connexion between the two countries?

In England every citizen assessed to the poor and borough rate is a burgess, and entitled to vote at all municipal elections, on condition that he pays that one tax. It is immaterial how low an English citizen is rated. He is entitled to his municipal franchise, if rated at all. It is so in Liverpool.

But in Ireland—in Dublin for example—it is essentially different. No man is entitled in Dublin to the burgess franchise, unless he be rated at ten pounds a year. As the valuation for rating is always much lower than the real value, the Irishman in Dublin must in fact occupy a tenement worth nearly twenty pounds a year to be entitled to be a burgess.

Besides this, there is another essential difference. In Liverpool or Bristol, the resident Englishman is entitled to be a burgess upon paying *one* tax. In Dublin, the Irishman must be, as I have said, rated at £10, and he must pay *nine* taxes at the least, in order to enjoy the franchise.

What is the consequence? Why, that in Dublin, there are 22,000 persons rated to the poor-rate. If these persons were English and living at Liverpool, at least 20,000 of them would be entitled to the burgess franchise. Whereas in Dublin, less than one third of them, or only 7,000, are so entitled.

Can anybody be so absurd, and, I will add, so vicious, as to assert that there is a real Union between the two countries; when the Englishman in Liverpool has, in point of municipal franchises, three times the advantages

which the Irishman has in Dublin; and while the Irishman has but one third of the advantages which the Englishman possesses in Liverpool?

There is another most important disparagement of the Irish municipal constituency. In Bristol, for example, the municipal burgesses are entitled to elect that officer, so important to the protection of life and property, the high sheriff. In Dublin, the burgesses are totally deprived of that advantage.

Is *this* a Union? Lord Shrewsbury, I ask you this question. Or, if it be a Union, is it not the Union which—to use your own language—subsists between a slave and his relentless master?

Again, my Lord Shrewsbury, if there were a *real* Union, the people of Ireland would be entitled to as abundant a parliamentary franchise as the people of England. The electors would be in the same proportion to the general population in Ireland, as they are in England. But how is the fact? The fact is, that there are not in Ireland quite so many as two per cent. of the male population in the agricultural counties possessing the elective franchise; whereas in England, from 25 to 30 per cent. of the same class have the franchise.

Do you call this a *real* Union?

In the county of Hertford, the population is 95,977. The voters are 5,013.

In the county of Galway, the population is 381,564. The voters are only 3,061.

Is this a *real* Union, Lord Shrewsbury? Or is it a mockery—having the name, but not the substance of a Union?

Again: the Isle of Wight has 28,731 inhabitants. The voters are 1167.

In Mayo, the inhabitants are 366,328. The voters are only 957!

Is this a *real* Union?

Another instance. In Anglesey, the population are 33,508. The voters are 1187.

In Kerry, the population are 265,126. The voters are only 1161!

Is this, too, a *real* Union?

One instance more. In the county of Cork the *agricultural* population is now 750,000.

In Wales, the *entire* population are, in round numbers, 800,000.

In Cork county, there are but 3000 voters. In Wales, 36,000!

Can that be called a *real* Union, that gives results of such different magnitude in the enjoyment of the electoral franchise—the most valuable of all?

Nor does the degrading inferiority rest there. For instead of having any the least hope of obtaining an extension of the franchise of Ireland, commensurate with the franchise of England, the direct contrary is decreed. Lord Stanley has determined to cut off probably two-thirds of the existing voters. He had a majority even in the last parliament. He has a most triumphant majority in the present. And that faction which now enables him to trample at his discretion upon the rights of Irishmen, is hounded



on by Sir John Gerard, and the redoubtable Earl of Shrewsbury.

There is another equally, if not more, potential proof of the deceptive nature of the Union. It consists in the most afflicting deprivation of Ireland of her rightful portion of representatives in the house of Commons.

Ireland has but 105 members out of 658. She ought to have at least 170.

By the calculations made by Lord Castlereagh himself, at the time of the Union, Ireland was entitled to 108 members. The scale that he calculated upon was as follows: he stated that Ireland was entitled

	Members.
For comparative population, to	202
" " Exports.....	100
" " Imports.....	93
" " Revenue.....	39
Total.....	434

The mean of these quantities gave 108 and a fraction. And thus, on Lord Castlereagh's own showing, Ireland should have had 108 members. He struck off eight in the insolence of despotic power.

This calculation was corrected soon after by Mr. Newenham, who proved that upon Lord Castlereagh's own showing, the scale ought to have been as follows:—

	Members.
For comparative population....	228
" " Exports.....	179
" " Imports.....	168
" " Revenue.....	85
" " Rental.....	186
Total... ..	846

The mean of these five quantities is 169 and a fraction.

To simplify, however, the claim of Ireland, or rather the evidence of her right to an increased representation, I will place it upon the joint basis of comparative population and comparative revenue *only*. Taking two periods, the one of 1821, and the other of 1831, I begin with that of 1821.

The population return of 1821 gives to England 12 millions, and to Ireland 7 millions of inhabitants, taken in round numbers for the sake of clearness.

For the same purpose I take the representation of England at 500 only.

There is a parliamentary paper that shows the comparative revenue of England and Ireland in the year 1821; by which it appears that Ireland paid in that year more than one-eighth of the entire revenue. Taking it then upon these grounds, the right of Ireland would be

	Members.
For population 5 to 12 upon 500, gives	291
For revenue, one-eighth gives .....	62

Total 353

The one-half, or mean, of those two numbers, gives Ireland a clear right to 176 members.

I now come to the year 1831. The population returns of that year give England, in round numbers, a population of thirteen millions, and Ireland of eight millions.

The following is a correct abstract of the revenue produced by both countries in that year.

Revenue credited to Great Britain .....	£48,325,215
Deduct Teas consumed in Ireland .....	£500,000
Deduct for all other customable articles consumed in Ireland .....	1,000,000
	1,500,000
Real Revenue of Great Britain	46,825,215
Revenue credited to Ireland ...	4,560,897
Add the above .....	1,500,000
Actual Irish Revenue .....	£6,060,897

Now, to avoid all cavil whatsoever, I will take the Irish revenue as only one-tenth of the English: and even at this most disadvantageous mode of making the calculation, the right of Ireland to increased representation did, at the time of the passing of the Reform Act, stand thus:—

	Members.
Ireland for population—8 to 13 on 500, gives .....	307
" " Revenue—1 to 10 on 500, gives .....	50
Total	357

The mean of those two, being one-half, entitled Ireland to 178 members.

I recapitulate thus:—

1st.—That according to the detested Castlereagh himself, Ireland ought to have 108 members from the time of the Union statute. The Reform Act has given us only 105.

2ndly.—According to Castlereagh's calculations, corrected by Newenham, Ireland ought by the Union statute to have 169 members. She has but 105. The consequence is, that upon Castlereagh's own principle, Ireland is defrauded of 64 members.

3rdly.—Upon the combined basis of population and revenue, taking the return of 1821 for the population, and taking the revenue of Ireland as one-eighth, she ought to have 176 members. She has but 105. Ireland is therefore defrauded of 71 members upon this calculation.

4thly.—Taking the population return of 1831 immediately before the passing of the Reform Act, and estimating the Irish revenue as only one-tenth, yet Ireland at the passing of that act was entitled plainly and demonstratively to 178 members; and the Reform Act therefore defrauded her of 73 members.

Now, if there were a *real* Union, there ought to be no difficulty in obtaining for Ire-



land at least 150 members in the house of commons of the United Parliament. To give the interests of her people due protection, there ought not to be less. I have proved that on the result of combined population and revenue, she is entitled to much more. But there is such an absence of *reality* in the subsisting Union, that it is idle to demonstrate how clear our title is to such an increase of Irish representation.

Call the connection between the two countries what else you please, but I conjure you in the name of common sense and common honesty, do not venture to call it a Union, unless you add some word expressive of how thorough a mockery it is.

When the Reform Bill was before Parliament, I urged the claim of Ireland for a full representation. I demonstrated her title to it. There was then a fair and ample opportunity of doing us justice; but we were contemptuously refused. And this refusal was aggravated in its insulting nature, by the increase that was made in the representation of the English counties.

Every county in England with more than 50,000 inhabitants, got an increase of one member.

Every county in England with more than 100,000 inhabitants got an increase of two members. There is but one county in Ireland with so few as 100,000 inhabitants; yet no Irish county got any increase to the representation.

A few instances will make this contrast more striking.

The population of Worcestershire in 1831 was 211,356. The Reform Bill gave that shire two additional representatives. It has therefore four members.

The population of the county of Galway was then 381,407. It got *no* addition; and has therefore only two members.

The population of Leicestershire was in 1831, 197,276. It had two members. It got by the Reform Bill two more. It has therefore now four members. The population of Tipperary was 380,598. It got *no* addition—it has therefore but two.

Northamptonshire had a population of 279,276. The Reform Bill gave it two additional representatives. It has therefore got four. The population of the county of Down is 307,571. It got *no* addition—it has but two members.

The population of Cumberland was 126,681. It got two additional members. It has four. The rural population of Cork was in 1831, 713,716. Cork got *no* addition—it has but two members.

Could these things be, if there were a *real* Union, and not a mocking servitude?

Let it be recollected that the principle upon which the augmentation in the English counties took place, *was that MERELY of population.* IF THERE WERE A REAL UNION, THE SAME PRINCIPLE WOULD BE APPLIED TO IRELAND.

We are laughed to scorn, even by Lord Shrewsbury, when we ask that the same principle should be applied to Ireland as to England. But will you, my lord, after this, presume to say that there is a *real* Union between the two countries? If you do, your own derision will be retorted upon you, and your assertion will be treated by the Irish nation with contemptuous scorn.

It has been foolishly alleged by way of reply, that there are in England also, anomalies in the representation: small constituencies returning two members, and large ones that return no greater number. Aye—there are. But they all return the representatives of Englishmen; all connected with, and obedient to English interests. It is a mere question of *distribution among themselves.* The Irish nominate none of them. Nor are any of them pledged to their constituents in favour of Irish interests. There would be something indeed in the inference drawn from that fact, if our complaint was against the *distribution in Ireland of Irish members.* It is not so. We take Ireland against England, and we thus find that England has in every point the insulting superiority; and Ireland in every respect a degrading inferiority.

Denominate this a Union, if you choose; I call it by its proper name, a mockery.

I now come to my fourth assertion.

*"That the Union, such as it is, has inflicted 'injustice, oppression, and misery unparalleled in Ireland; and that there is not and cannot be 'any hope for present redress, or future security, save by the restoration of the Irish 'Parliament.'"*

In 1782, Ireland forced the English government to recognize her independence. In 1782, Ireland attained self-government. What ensued? Peace and prosperity; the most rapid, the most extraordinary strides in improvement of every kind. Prosperity in every department and in every branch; commerce fostered and increased; agriculture encouraged and enriched; manufactures promoted and extended; party spirit checked and decaying; every class daily increasing in wealth and in comfort; the labourer becoming a farmer; the farmer rising into the rank of gentleman; the gentleman swelling into the baronet; the baronet elevated to the peerage; commercial men acquiring estates; towns growing into cities; population accumulating; and cheerful merriment, so congenial to the Irish disposition, gladdening the land at every side.

No country on the face of the earth ever made so rapid a progress in improvement of every kind, as Ireland did in the fourteen years which succeeded her legislative independence. And that in spite of the odious incubus of the title system.

I am not speaking of imaginary things. I am not indulging the visions of fancy. I assert only that which every human being knows to be literally true, and which no man can have the hardihood to deny; namely, that the uprise



of Ireland in all the arts, comforts, and blessings of commerce, agriculture, and civilization, for the fourteen years ensuing her legislative independence and produced by that measure, has never been equalled in any other country, in any age or period of time.

The bankers of the city of Dublin met on the 18th of December, 1798, and entered into these resolutions against the then threatened Union;

"Resolved—That since the renunciation of "the power of Great Britain in the year 1782 "to legislate for Ireland, the commerce and "prosperity of this kingdom have eminently "increased.

"Resolved—That we attribute these blessings under Providence to the wisdom of the "Irish parliament."

The guild of merchants of Dublin met on the 14th of January, 1799, and entered into the following resolution;

"Resolved—That the commerce of Ireland "has increased, and her manufactures improved beyond example, since the independence "of this kingdom was restored by the exertions of our countrymen in 1782."

A thousand more such documents might be easily produced.

There is another fact equally unquestionable; that the Union has not conferred any one benefit on Ireland.

In the words of Lord Shrewsbury, "*It has been abortive of good and prolific of evil.*" It gave up our national independence. It handed over our inherent right of self-government. It stultified ourselves, and proclaimed our incapacity. It degraded and provincialized our country. It gave her up to the stranger and the unfriendly. It was treason against our native land. What value—what consideration have we received in return? None—None—none! "*The wages of sin are death.*" Such were the wages of the Union. The sin was the crime of others—ours was the punishment!

This one truth, I repeat, is indisputable—that the Union has not conferred upon Ireland any one advantage.

Having brought the minds of my readers to this one indisputable truth, I now call on them to turn their attention to the fatal consequences of the Union. If that measure has been unproductive of good, it has, alas! been most fruitful in evil. Its mischiefs, its miseries, have been multitudinous.

I place some of them before you in the following order.

FIRSTLY—*It deprived Ireland of self-government. It reduced her into the state of a province from being an independent nation.*

No man can undervalue self-government, but a man of low and grovelling mind; some person who imagines that Englishmen, or Scotchmen, or perhaps Frenchmen, are of a higher order of beings than the Irish. If an Irishman be equally fit to govern, to make laws, and to execute them, as the native of any

other country, why should we give to others the power of making laws for us, or of executing them? Is it not evident that no persons can have so great an interest in there being good laws in Ireland, as the inhabitants of Ireland? Having, then, the most deep interest in there being good laws in Ireland; having our properties, our lives, our comforts, our liberties, all at stake in the good government of our country; must we not be the most fit persons to take care of those properties by wise laws; to protect our lives by just institutions; to attend to the promotion of our comforts by salutary regulations, and to establish our liberties by sound legislation? Who else can have the deep, the entire, the perpetual interest we have in these things? If this be so—as it certainly is so—is it not the height of wicked absurdity in us, to devolve upon strangers the care of these most important concerns, and to deprive ourselves of the natural control and superintendence over our own affairs?

This government and management we were deprived of by the Union,—they can be restored to us only by the abrogation of that measure.

It is true—familiarily true, even to the triteness of a proverb—that he who entrusts his business to others is sure to have it neglected; that no man's business is well done, but the business of a man who superintends it himself.

What is true of each individual, is equally true of the aggregate of individuals called a nation. Each nation has a sacred duty imposed on it, to attend to its own affairs; that duty is also a sacred right, which in our case has been most treacherously as well as basely violated.

This, as I have said, is manifestly an evil inherent in the Union, and for which there can of course be no remedy but in the repeal of that measure.

The second great evil of the Union is the financial robbery of Ireland which has been effected by means of that measure.

At the time of the Union, Ireland owed something under 20 millions. England then owed more than 446 millions. That is to say, England owed a debt 23 times and a quarter larger than the debt of Ireland. If the Union had been a just and reasonable compact, the future debt and consequent taxation of both countries should have remained in the same proportion. Ireland was entitled to have the same protection from debt and taxation in the united parliament, that she had obtained from her own legislature.

It is so manifestly fair and just that these proportions should be preserved, that if the rule were to be applied to a private partnership, every person would say it was that which common sense and common honesty required. If the estate of A were burthened with a debt of £20,000, and the estate of B, C, and D burthened with a debt of £446,000, A would be



quite mad, if, for the mere sake of forming a partnership, he were to give B, C, and D the power to charge *his* estate with a greater proportion of future debts, than that which it bore to the existing debts at the time of the commencement of the firm. He certainly would not do so, except in recompense for his getting a greater share of the profits of the concern. Such however was not the case with Ireland. All the profits have gone to her partners, and she is left to abide by the loss.

It is manifest, that upon a fair bargain the debt of each country would have remained at the same proportion. The debt of England has about doubled since the Union; the debt of Ireland ought not to have more than doubled also.

In that case—the fair and just case—Ireland would at this moment owe at the utmost 40 millions; a sum which she could easily pay off within ten years; contributing her full proportion to the burthens of the state, she might easily be the least taxed country in the world. What is her present state now by means of the Union? Why, she is chargeable as a portion of the United Kingdom with the entire of upwards of £800,000,000 due by England. There can be no sensible diminution of taxation in Ireland until the Greek kalends; that is, until a substantial portion of the English debt is paid off.

If such an injustice were committed between man and man, everybody would cry out against the robber. But when the robbery comes to be committed against a nation, at the rate of hundreds of millions, then there is nobody to exclaim against the plunderer, and it is expected that the plundered nation will tranquilly endure the spoliation.

I want to know this: what pretext can there possibly be in point of common sense and common honesty, why Ireland should be chargeable for one shilling of the 446 millions which England owed at the time of the Union? It was voted by the English parliament—raised by the English parliament—spent by the English parliament—Ireland all the time supporting her own establishments, and instead of receiving money from England, remitting money to that country. Again I ask, whether there ever was so flagrant a violation of honesty and justice, as charging Ireland with one single shilling of that debt?

The case of Ireland is still stronger on this point, because there was an absolute undertaking that Ireland should have no concern whatsoever with the debt then due by Great Britain.

It will be convenient that I state with precision what the amount of that debt was.

I have called the British debt at the time of the Union 446 millions. It stood accurately thus:

Funded debt.....	£420,305,000
Unfunded debt.....	26,080,000
Total debt	£446,385,000

Annual interest:—

Charge of funded debt....	£15,800,000
„ of unfunded.....	1,021,000

Total charge £16,821,000

This being understood, we now come to the solemn declaration of Lord Castlereagh upon this subject, made on the 5th of February, 1800. His pledge was in these words: In respect of past expenses, *Ireland is to have "no concern whatsoever with the debt of Great Britain."* Again he said, "Great Britain now paid taxes for interest on her debt, ten millions." (Observe here, that he *should* have said she paid in interest £16,821,000.) His inaccuracy however was not material, because he added, "*for any proportion of this, she [Britain] could not call upon Ireland. It was therefore absolutely necessary THAT THE RESPECTIVE DEBTS OF THE COUNTRIES SHOULD REMAIN DISTINCT.*"

The mis-statement of the amount of the annual charge upon the then existing British debt attracted little attention, because it was a matter which could be at once set right by official documents. But the *principle* of the Union pledge was, that the then existing debt of Great Britain and the annual charge on it, whatever that charge might be, should be borne exclusively by Great Britain, and that she should not call upon Ireland for any proportion thereof.

This created an obligation upon Great Britain to pay taxes, of which no part should be chargeable in Ireland, to the amount, in round numbers, to 17 millions per annum.

Has she done so? I have the finance accounts for the year 1839 before me. The following are the items of the separate taxation of Great Britain:—

Land and assessed taxes ...	£3,939,000
Bricks.....	463,000
Soap.....	782,000
Post-horse duty .....	224,000

Total £5,408,000

In certain stamp duties, and home-made spirit duties, there is a higher rate of taxation in England than in Ireland. Its produce is at present uncertain, but may be ascertained. Assuming it to add a fourth to the foregoing items, the total is £6,775,000.

Taking for granted that England has given herself a similar relief—say in round numbers ten millions annually for the last ten years, there would thus, without going farther back as we might do, be a sum of 100 millions of which the English have been exonerated by increasing unfairly the burthen on the Irish.

One strange instance of the mixture of insult with injustice, in matter of finance, since the Union, is to be found in the fact, that the committee of the English house of commons have transferred to the charge of Ireland, the £1,275,000 paid by England for the purchase of nomination boroughs—thus compelling Ire-



land to pay the wages of her own degradation.

There is one more financial grievance that I shall mention, and then conclude this topic. Since the peace, Great Britain has exonerated herself of annual taxes to the amount of forty millions a year, and exonerated Ireland only to the amount of one million annually. Assuredly I need not follow this subject further.

Now, Lord Shrewsbury, what remedy can Ireland have, save by the restoration of her own parliament? How or where else can the question be fairly discussed? How otherwise can Ireland get rid of her liability to 446 millions, of which she does not justly owe one farthing? How otherwise is she to get rid of her liability to an additional 400 millions or thereabouts, of which she does not owe more than, at the utmost, about one-tenth? You now perceive how deeply seated are the evils of the Union; and how all-powerfully interested are the people of Ireland in procuring its repeal.

*The THIRD evil resulting from the Union is one that now no compensation can be given for. It was not the less a monstrous mischief.*

*It was this:—The Union retarded the emancipation of the Irish Catholics for a full quarter of a century. A full generation lived and died in slavery, who would have enjoyed the blessings of equal laws but for the Union.*

It is not probable that any reasonable man can doubt the effect which the Union had in retarding the full emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland. If such person be found, let me ask him to recollect the facts that preceded the Union.

Emancipation commenced in 1778-9. A considerable instalment, especially as related to the enjoyment of property by the Catholics, was obtained in that year.

In 1782, a glorious epoch! another and a large instalment was obtained, creating perfect equality with respect to property in land; and what was yet more valuable—allowing Catholics to open schools and have their youth instructed in science and literature.

The third instalment was in the latter end of 1792, and opened the profession of the law to Catholics. Another and a greater instalment was granted in 1793, which, above all other things, gave to the Catholics the instrument of full liberation—THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.

In 1795, another, a complete act of emancipation was carried in the house of commons, by an overwhelming majority, and would have passed into law but for a change in the English ministry.

Thus, within the space of fifteen years, four different statutes of relief were passed by the Irish parliament in favour of the Catholics. The English parliament refused to concede the same extent of rights to the English Catholics. The distractions of the year 1798 might be said to retard the progress of emancipation for a moment, but it could not possibly retard it long. There were in favour of procuring emancipation, the increasing number of the

Catholics; their increasing wealth; the business habits of the Catholic barristers; the great practical influence of the Catholic attorneys; an influence which to my knowledge was used with the noblest disinterestedness, and the greatest practical utility, during our struggles for emancipation. The Catholic attorneys received little public honour and less emolument. But they were eminently useful in bridling the oppressor, vindicating the oppressed, and creating the general co-operation of all classes.

In the first struggles for emancipation, the Catholics were obliged to hire Protestant secretaries and managers. They had *now* men of their own—accustomed to appear before the public, and capable as well as ready to distinguish themselves in the public cause.

With all these advantages, and with this still greater advantage, that the votes of Catholics could influence the return of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty members of the Irish house of commons, it was utterly impossible that three, or at most, four years after 1800, could have elapsed without their full and complete emancipation.

But the Union intervened. The parliamentary influence of the Irish Catholics in the British house fell to the lowest ebb, and scarcely existed at all. It was scattered and unorganized. We had to go before a foreign and unfriendly parliament; and even when we thrice obtained a majority in the house of commons, our bill was as often thrown out in the house of lords! I will not further refer to the history of our struggles; but, acquainted as I am with their details, I do not hesitate solemnly to declare my conviction—I may almost say my certain knowledge—that the Union retarded emancipation for upwards of twenty-five years.

In fact, no man can deny this; that the Catholics of Ireland were driven to the necessity of making so formidable (though legal) a combination, as to induce, even in England, a constitutional necessity on the part of most unwilling statesmen to yield emancipation. What a small portion of the same constitutional force would have sufficed to obtain the emancipation act from the Irish parliament!

*The FOURTH evil resulting from the Union is one of a purely practical nature. It relates to the employment of Irishmen in the various departments of the state and collection of the revenue.*

Before the Union, the taxes were raised and collected, and they were also principally expended by Irishmen. All the offices in the law as well as in the revenue were filled by Irishmen. The boards of excise and customs were Irish. The stamp departments was filled by none but Irish. The post office knew no employés but Irish. The influence of the Irish government was considerable in the army. It was partially felt, yet to an important extent, in the navy. There was then no transfer to England of duties which ought to be performed in Ireland. In short, the entire of what one



may call the staff of government was essentially and almost universally Irish. If the Union had not taken place, this must have continued, and, when there was room for it, it must have augmented.

How is it *now*? Alas, alas! many of our departments are transferred to England, and all else that can be removed are literally on the wing. If you go into any of the public offices that remain, your ear is shocked with the contented gabble of some stall-fed English invader; or the harsh though shrewd remark of some Scotch inspector. Here and there you may meet an Irishman; but they are "rari nantes," and with difficulty keep themselves afloat amongst ungenial superiors. English barristers have been actually converted into attorneys, in order to exclude Irish solicitors from the revenue department. We have had five *English* chancellors since the Union, and (with the exception of a few months) we have had in fact but one *Irish* chancellor; and I believe it is not intended that we should ever have another. It has been publicly asserted that the Irish bench was to be opened to the English bar; and it is not likely that even the assistant barristerships will be long the exclusive possession of those who may be designated—however inaccurately—as "mere Irish."

It is quite clear that nothing but the Repeal of the Union can remedy this grievance; but that would effectually do it. The Scotch cry of "our ain fish-guts for our ain sea-mews" may be the exaggeration of nationality; but it is no exaggeration to wish and to insist that the salaries paid by the Irish people, should be reserved for and received by Irishmen alone.

The *FIFTH* evil resulting from the Union is one I have already alluded to, and which I may therefore pass over with a single remark. It is the utter inadequacy of the Irish representation in parliament.

We have less than one sixth of the representation; 105 out of 658 members. Accordingly, whenever English interests or English prejudices clash with Irish rights, it would be as well that Ireland had no representatives at all. The present posture of public affairs elucidates this assertion. The English antipathy to Ireland; the English hostility to the religion of the people of Ireland; united with the congenial elements of monopoly and corruption, have produced a parliament so inimical to Ireland, that we are completely at the mercy of the British cabinet. They can now dictate to a willing parliament their own terms of Irish servitude. Would it not be better that we had not one single Irish member in the house, than to have us there to be dragged at the chariot wheels of our bitter enemies? Oh! for the self-government which the Repeal would ensure!

The *SIXTH* evil resulting from the Union I have already alluded to. It is the *miserably and insultingly restricted and limited state of the parliamentary franchise in Ireland.*

The statistics upon this subject I have already sketched. They give results of the most painful nature to the feelings and judgment of every Irishman.

The *SEVENTH* evil resulting from the Union I have already detailed. It is the *miserably and insultingly restricted and limited state of the municipal reform bill for Ireland.*

I have also specified at some length the iniquitous defects of that bill.

Why then do I introduce a second time the restricted franchise and the restricted municipal reform? For two reasons.

The first is, that they are evils naturally arising from the Union.

The second is, that it has been asserted that, limited as they are, they still are better than the former system, and therefore are boons conferred on us by the United Parliament. I feel it my duty to demonstrate the fallacy of that assertion.

The assertion of their being boons conferred on us by the United Parliament, is a mere begging of the question. It takes for granted that the Irish parliament would not have conceded these, or a greater extent of reform.

Now, it is perfectly capable of demonstration that this supposition is totally unfounded in fact. Why? For two reasons; firstly, because the Irish parliament before the Union had more frequently taken a liberal part than did the British parliament before that measure; secondly, because this decisive proof was given by the Irish members in the United Parliament of their superior attachment to the principles of reform—it was this—that when the Reform Bill was introduced by Lord Grey's government into parliament, there was a majority of *English* members against the Bill—there was a majority of *Scotch* members against the Bill; but the majority of *Irish* members in its favour outnumbered both the English and Scotch majorities against it, and secured the second reading of the bill.

The superior liberality of the Irish members is thus established. It cannot be questioned that as they did so much for England and for Scotland, they would have done *more* for Ireland. The truth really is, that instead of the Union procuring reform for Ireland, it was clearly and beyond a doubt the Union which procured reform for England and Scotland. On the other hand, the English and Scotch reformers showed their usual and unaltered injustice to the Irish. They took to their aid the Tories in the house; and with an ingratitude unexampled, save in the dealings of the English to the Irish, they flung to Ireland mutilated, restricted, and fettered reforms!

Is there any remedy short of the Repeal of the Union? Surely if there ever was a hope of justice for Ireland from the imperial parliament, that man must be mad who entertains such a hope at present.

The *EIGHTH*, and greatest infliction of the Union, is the *continuance of the ecclesiastical*



state revenues in the hands of the clergy of a small minority of the Irish People.

"The hatred of the Irish people to tithes, is as immortal, as their love of justice"! If the Union had not intervened, Catholic emancipation would have been, without doubt or difficulty, and immediately, followed by a definitive appropriation of the tithes. Vested interests would have been respected, but the reversion would have been applied to purposes of education and charity. Long and long since, the name and nature of tithes would have been effaced in Ireland. We owe to the Union their continuance. We shall owe to the Repeal their annihilation.

The NINTH infliction of the Union is scarcely of less magnitude. It is this—the enormous and accumulating increase of absenteeism.

Absenteeism has always been the bane of Ireland. It has at every period of her connexion with England retarded her prosperity, and increased every other cause of distress. It was the natural result of the system of English misrule. The surface of Ireland has, with very few exceptions, been confiscated three times over; and many districts much oftener. The distribution of the plunder was generally—indeed, almost universally—made to strangers resident in England.

The Irish parliament endeavoured to diminish the mischief; and the English monarchs occasionally, with the assistance of that parliament, resumed their grants. By the statute 28th Hen. VIII. your ancestor, my lord, was thus deprived, by reason of his criminal neglect of Ireland, of a large estate in the county of Wexford. Yet the great evil continued, and received no mitigation, save for the short period of the prevalence of the spirit of 1782, when for the first time it received a check.

The Union however restored it to its pristine vigour, and daily increased its enormity. In 1801, the calculation of absentee rents, and pensions payable by Ireland and spent in other countries, amounted to £1,500,000 annually. There is now no doubt that the absentee rents and surplus Irish revenue transmitted to England, amount at present to more than six millions per annum, and have done so for more than the last ten years.

Here are for ten years no less than sixty millions raised in Ireland, and every shilling of it transmitted out of Ireland, and spent in foreign lands. In the history of mankind there is no instance of such a withering exhaustion of any country; of such a tribute paid by one country to another.

When you contemplate this fact, are you—can you be surprised at the misery and destitution of Ireland?

There is this bitter aggravation of the mischief—that it is daily augmenting! The tide of absenteeism has set in strongly. There were, first, the *natural* absentees, as I may call them, who have also estates in England,—Next, the Irish peers and commoners. Next, all those—and they are many—who are affect-

ed by their example. But why need I enter into details? All the objects of ambition or self-interest, draw crowds to the seat of government. The result is, that scarcely any man of property remains, unless he has some individual tie or obligation on him to remain.

There is this other bitter aggravation of the evils of absenteeism—that it leaves the Irish estates in the hands of, generally speaking, heartless agents—but who at all events have no personal interest beyond the collection of each year's rent; and who therefore have no *selfish* inducement to look to the permanent prosperity or even the future existence of the tenantry.

Have you heard of the clearance system? Of the extermination system? Of the multitudinous murders committed on ejected tenants, not by the sword or the bayonet, but by the more tedious but equally criminal process of cold, famine, and disease? Of the hideous assassinations, retaliated in the spirit of the wildest justice of revenge; but not to be excused or palliated for any reason, or on any provocation.

Details are needless. The inevitable effects of an absentee drain of six millions annually, must present themselves to every rational mind. If these six millions were spent in Ireland,—

But why should I harrow my soul by the ideal contrast? It is enough to say that Ireland is subject to a tribute, an annual tribute—of six millions!

No country could continue this process of exhaustion; it must come to an end!

There is but one remedy—the restoration of the Irish parliament.

The TENTH evil is that the Union has destroyed the trade and manufactures of Ireland, and filled the land with sorrow, misery, and destitution.

Let me give a few of the many instances of Irish depression consequent upon the Union.

The Irish linen trade flourished before the Union, under the paternal care of a national legislature. The exports of Irish linen amounted in value to more than three millions of pounds sterling by the year. They experienced after the Union a reduction of four-fifths. I believe they have fallen lower still. Legislative causes could be adduced for the decline—causes which the Irish parliament would have obviated.

One word only on the history of the Irish linen trade. The woollen manufacture was in a flourishing state at the period of the revolution. It was openly and avowedly crushed to create a monopoly of that manufacture for England.

Oh! how beloved those English ought to be by us wild Irish! The linen manufacture was promoted by way of compensation. It flourished until the annual export of the article reached three millions sterling. Then came the Union, and struck off four-fifths of the trade. Well—we are a patient people—blessed be God!

The linen trade, too, had this great and de-



cided advantage. The only outlay to foreigners was the price of the flaxseed. All the rest of the value of the article was composed of Irish land and Irish labour. It was a manufacture of health and morals. It employed old as well as young—females as well as males. There was no crowding into pestilential manufactories. There was no depravity by reason of improper association. No. The weaver worked at home in the midst of his family. He combined the health and plenty of agricultural pursuits with his labour as an artisan; and cheerfulness, plenty, and comfort, blessed the land when the linen trade flourished.

There has risen since, in the revolutions of trade, a considerable manufacture of linen yarn: but its date has not been long, nor is it likely to be so. Its very existence is threatened by the new tariff of French duties, against which it would require the protection of reciprocity of duties which an Irish parliament alone could give it. At present, it is probable it will be sacrificed to the interests of the cutlers of Sheffield.

But it is not only in the manufactures of the working classes; it is equally in the consumption of luxuries that the withering hand of the Union is to be found.

Before the Union, the annual import of claret into Ireland was above 400 tons. It was reduced to 30 tons annually, when the last separate account of revenue for Ireland was made out about fifteen years ago. It is probable that it does not exceed 20 tons annually at present. The drinkers of claret have fled to other countries, and left Ireland in poverty. Their incomes are spent elsewhere.

Before the Union, the woollen trade flourished in Ireland in all the articles of coarser texture. It gave employment to thousands in the various towns of Ireland. At Carrick-on-Suir alone, it kept in constant work and wages more than 7000 persons; where there were lately not fifty employed! In short, since the Union, the woollen trade of Ireland has literally been annihilated.

Before the Union, the refining of sugar was a prosperous and lucrative business, giving work and wages to thousands. There were in the city of Dublin alone, nineteen sugar bakeries; there is not now a single one remaining! This trade is annihilated.

Before the Union, the glass manufacture was flourishing in Ireland: it is now all but annihilated.

Before the Union, the manufacture of tabinets and silks in Dublin gave bread to thousands. It was lately on the verge of extinction, but has revived in some small degree by the Repeal movement.

Before the Union, the business of printing and bookselling—the manufacture of hats—the working in gold and silver plate—watch making, and various other branches of trade were in a prosperous state in Ireland, which are now annihilated or in the last stage of an impoverished existence.

But why should I dwell on minor details, when one astounding fact places in the clearest light the increase of poverty, the accumulation of distress, and the fearful extent to which the privation of the comforts of life has been occasioned by the Union.

The fact I allude to is this: before the Union, Ireland imported annually nearly *twice* the quantity of sugar she imports at present. But as the population of Ireland has doubled since the Union, it is manifest that this falling off amounts, in point of fact, to nearly three-fourths of the entire.

The more this fact is considered, the more distinctly will it appear to prove the increase of poverty and destitution.

There is not one article, the consumption of which tends more to health and comfort than sugar. Every person who can afford to do so, consumes as much sugar as he conveniently can; and that in one thousand different ways. No person abandons the use of sugar, but a person who has not the means of buying it. The consumption of sugar increases with wealth; its diminution is the most decisive proof of poverty. Yet here is Ireland, with a diminution of consumption amounting to three-fourths of the entire quantity consumed before the Union!

Here is a most conclusive and unequivocal proof of the poverty and destitution of Ireland arising from the Union.

I cannot avoid giving some individual specimens of the withering effect of the Union on Irish trade and manufactures in several localities. I take them from reports made, some in the year 1834, and others in the year 1840.

To begin with Dublin: it is ascertained from authentic documents and returns, that in 1800 there were in Dublin 91 master manufacturers in the woollen trade, employing 4938 persons. In August, 1840, there were only 12 master manufacturers; and only 682 persons employed in this trade.

In the city of Cork in 1800, there were engaged in the manufacture of woollen goods, 41 employers, giving constant work to 2500 persons. That trade is now completely gone. The extensive factory of Mr. Lyons—the last in work—is now converted into a bleach green.

In Limerick, at the Union, there were 1000 woollen weavers. There are not now 70!

One more instance in the woollen trade. It is the history of the flannel manufacture in a particular locality; and contains in fact an abstract and brief chronicle of the decay of trade almost all over Ireland. The place is Rathdrum, county of Wicklow. The flannel manufacture flourished there to such an extent, that the late Earl Fitzwilliam was induced to erect, at an expense of £3,500, an extensive market-place called the Flannel Hall. This manufacture gave employment to more than 1000 looms, and to several thousands of operatives in its various branches. In some years after the Union, the manufacture began rapidly to decline.



It is ascertained that the 1,000 looms had in the year 1823 declined to 400; in 1826 to 300; in 1827 to 200; in 1828 to 150; in 1830 to 100; and in 1832 to 30! And in two years afterwards, there was not a vestige of this formerly important and remunerative branch of industry!

To revert to Dublin. There were at the time of the Union, engaged in the cotton trade, 55 master manufacturers, employing 14,500 persons, at wages of 40 shillings a week. They have fallen to 12 employers and 625 operators, and the wages are now only 15 shillings a week.

At the Union, the hosiery business flourished in Dublin, Balbriggan, Cork, Belfast, Lisburn, Clonmel, Limerick, Waterford, Kilkenny, Carlow, Portarlington, Maryborough, and several other places. But in all those places, the home manufacture is now so inconsiderable, that this branch of Irish industry may, in the words of the report, "for all practical purposes be considered as extinct."

To enter into these particulars may appear to weaken the effect of the *general* failure of trade, but they mark more strongly its effects. It is however useful to review the entire manufactures of Ireland; for thus it appears, that at the period of the Union the number of persons directly deriving employment from the woollen, cotton, and silk manufactures in Ireland, exceeded ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND in a population of about four millions. At the present day, the entire number employed in these manufactures throughout the kingdom, in a population of eight millions, does not exceed EIGHT THOUSAND.

So much for that Union you have well described as being "abortive of good and prolific of evil."

Before I close my brief sketch of the miseries of which the Union has been so "prolific" to Ireland, let us look into the Poor Enquiry Reports. For the state of the agricultural labourers, I must be content with a few samples. But I will give them in the touching language of the peasantry themselves, taken almost at random from the Reports of the Commissioners of Poor Law Inquiry.

The first shall be from the County of Galway. The witnesses speak thus:

"COUNTY OF GALWAY.

"In summer, when unemployed, we live on cabbage and green herbs, with a few potatoes. We live for three days on the quantity of potatoes which we would, if we could afford it, use in one.

"This is the case every summer; there were two hundred families so in this parish last summer.

"Those who have a plot of early potatoes dig them before they are half grown. Eating these unripe potatoes cause sickness. Many men are put into their graves by this bad food."

I next extract the following evidence on the state of the poor in MAYO.

"You would see labourers in summer eating

"boiled cabbage, and a little meal shaken through it, without a potato to eat along with it. May be the women spent two days in spinning a pound of flax, and went another day five miles to the market of Ballinasloe to sell it, and had by it the two pence that bought the meal; many a shift they make; all struggling to hold a grip of life.

"In the mountains of the parish of Cong, when the potatoes fail them, they bleed their cattle and eat the boiled blood, sometimes mixed with meal, but often without it. The same beast has been known to bleed three times in one season.

A witness says, "He knew a family this last summer (1834) to have during three days but one substantial meal of potatoes." He says, "they kept life in them by picking up shell-fish on the strand."

"They fast all the summer." When the commissioners questioned what the witness meant by fasting, he said, "I count it equal to fasting when a man and his wife and four children had to live on a quart of meal or a stone of potatoes for 24 hours; and I have known them to live on that."

The next that strikes my eye is a description of the state of the labouring peasantry, during the scarce months, as they are called, in the county of LONGFORD.

"They go through the fields and gather the wild weeds; they boil them with salt, and they live on them, without even a potato to eat along with them."

The Rev. Mr. O'Brien knew, this summer, (1834), "two families of labourers to remain in bed all day, as they said, 'to stifle the hunger.' They told me that 'several of the neighbours did the same.'"

The next is from the county of KILDARE.

"We are often obliged to eat the 'prassagh,' when the blossom is on it—that is, when it is thought most unwholesome. I declare to my God, I know several men who never tasted food for forty-eight hours."

The next is from the county of MEATH.

"The only periods in which employment is to be calculated on, are a month in spring planting potatoes, a month in harvest, and a month in autumn digging potatoes; and during other times the labourers are often without one meal of potatoes in the day.

"During the unemployed season, there are many who cannot get food for twenty-four hours; and if it was not for an odd bit the Almighty sends from a neighbour, would have died through the mere dint of starvation."

My next instances are from the county of CLARE.

In answer to whether labourers became old and disabled before other people—

"We are worked harder and worse treated than the slaves in the colonies.

"I understand they are taken care of by their masters, when they are sick or old.

"When we are sick, we must die on the road if the neighbours do not help us.



"When we are old, we must go out to beg, if the young ones cannot help us; and that will soon happen with us all. We are getting worse and worse every day, and the landlords are kicking us out of every little holding we have. This last May twenty-eight families were put out, and next May, I am sure there will be as many again within five miles of Kilkea. If something is not done for those who are turned out upon the world, without a rag upon their backs, God knows what will happen this country."

"When we suffer all these hardships, is it wonderful our spirits should be broken down? Many is the man who thinks himself well off with one meal a day."

I may add three extracts more from the counties of Cork, Donegal, and Tipperary, as being the shortest specimens of the state of those counties; but not the less emphatic upon that account.

#### COUNTY OF CORK.

"Many farmers are driven by distress to work themselves and make their sons work, who would have formerly employed labourers. Such persons often make their children work, who would otherwise be sent to school."

"The labourers are frequently unable to work, from want of sufficient food. It often happens that a labourer has no dinner to go home to."

My next is from the county of DONEGAL.

"In June, July, and August, and after the harvest, they are reduced to fewer and scantier meals in the day."

I give the following from the county of TIPPERARY:

"There is not much work for the labouring classes from May to August; at this time labourers and even tradesmen can scarcely get one full meal in the day; besides they will often collect *cornkail*, and *rape*, and *nettles*, and eat them."

The state of the people as to *clothing* is represented throughout the evidence in equally distressing terms; to multiply extracts would be fatiguing.

"Many have no blankets, but make use of the clothes which they wear during the day for night covering."

"Their clothes, or rather rags, are entirely insufficient to protect them from the cold."

"The children are all in rags," &c.

I presume, my lord, that these are they who, you tell us, "would live in a happy ignorance of the evils of which you think they too loudly complain, if they were less instructed in their grievances."

If I had the keeping of your conscience, I would inflict on you, by way of penance and for atonement, the attentive perusal of the Report of the Commissioners of Poor Law Inquiry, signed amongst others with the revered name of the most Rev. Dr. Murray; and containing one thousand instances of deep suffering and destitution, of which the scanty ex-

tracts above copied contain but a faint specimen.

My lord, I attribute all these evils—the decay of trade, the suppression of manufactures, the poverty and squalid want of the operatives, the destitution of the agricultural labourers,—all, all to misrule as their principal and abundant source; the misrule of a foreign and ungenial legislature, ignorant of our wants, and without any sympathy for our sufferings.

It is not possible for you, at least, to deny that the mass of our legislators are totally ignorant of the real afflictions of the Irish people, when you exhibit the strange instance of a man who in 1828 thoroughly knew and eloquently described the miseries of the wretched Irish, and who yet in 1841 totally forgot your former knowledge on the subject; declaring that those evils were purely imaginary, and those grievances were the mere creatures of fanciful description!

What a sage legislator have not the exertions of the Irish Catholics placed in the aristocratic senate!

Tell me not that the Poor Laws afford a remedy. They have been fairly tried in two localities, and they are found to be a total failure. Besides, they were calculated to relieve only 80,000 persons. How then can they relieve *three millions*? They have thrown a burden unendurable in our poverty upon all. We are too poor for Poor Laws. The establishment for administering them costs more than the food and clothing given to the destitute. The machinery for relief is more expensive than the relief itself.

The great burden of the poor rates falls upon the occupying inhabitants, thus creating more destitution than you relieve. In 1830, I, in a letter then published, foretold what was coming on. These were my words. "The landed proprietors of Ireland are reduced to this dilemma; they must either have a Repeal of the Union or Poor Laws. To one or other these they must come, Poor Laws or a Repeal of the Union. Beyond this alternative there is nothing—the Repeal of the Union or Poor Laws."

Such was my prophetic warning in 1830. The landed gentry then refused to join me in sufficient numbers to obtain a Repeal of the Union. My prophecy was verified—they have got Poor Laws.

Let me now prophecy again, and I do so with a mournful conviction upon my mind, that if the Union be not repealed, the burthen of the Poor Laws alone upon the occupiers of land and of houses in towns, will drive the people into a sanguinary and perhaps a successful insurrection.

May the great God of heaven forbid that it should occur! But it will occur, unless good men now calmly and dispassionately join with me to obviate so dreadful an occurrence, by taking away its cause.

Nothing will answer these purposes but a Repeal of the Union.



Let me return. I repeat that I attribute all the evils of Ireland to the misrule occasioned by the Union; the annihilation of trade and commerce; the poverty, the destitution, the misery, the starvation—what else *can* we attribute them to? Ireland has a soil fertile to a proverb; capable of producing abundant sustenance for four times her present population. She has a genial climate, never parched into barrenness by the summer's sun—never chilled into sterility by the winter's cold. Her perennial greenness shows a perpetual impulse of vegetation. Nature and nature's God have bestowed on her many other good gifts. She is most favourably situated to be the entrepot of the commerce of the European and American world. Situate at the western extremity of Europe, she is the nearest eastern land to the Americas. She is indented with spacious bays and safe harbours, open at every hour of the tide, and secure from every wind that blows. She is intersected with navigable rivers and noble estuaries, easily bringing her shipping in various directions almost to the centre of the island. Her perennial streams, in the fulness and rapidity of their waters, are capable of turning all the wheels of the machinery of the British empire. Her abundant produce consists of all the prime necessities of life, and of many of its luxuries.

Stand out, Earl Shrewsbury, and tell me how you account for such a country being filled with wailing and woe; with signs of sorrow, and the reality of poverty, destitution, and starvation? The curse of man has blighted the blessings of heaven.

Recollect this truth—WE DID NOT GOVERN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

But perhaps these evils might occur from the depravity of the people? No, my lord, no. A thousand times, no! Our people have, it is now avowed, a physical superiority amongst the nations of the earth. Scotch philosophy—so often sneered at—deserves immortality for this demonstration. The Irish people are brave as the bravest—they are generous as the most generous. With them, all the ties of domestic life are knit together by fidelity and affection. Their domestic morals are exemplary, and lauded even by their enemies. They are industrious and patient of labour, and search for wages in every region of the earth. They are

moral, they are temperate—blessed be God! The public houses are deserted, and the altar rails are thronged. But, above all and before all, they are religious. Their religious fidelity has no parallel on the face of the globe. They have endured revilings and torturings, impoverishment and imprisonment; chains, blows, and death! But they have not apostatized, nor ceased to be faithful to “the faith their fathers held to God.”

Stand forth, Saxon and stranger! And tell me *why* the blessings of Providence have been blighted? *Why* such a people have been afflicted? *Why* such a country has been cursed with poverty, destitution, and starvation? WE DID NOT GOVERN OUR OWN COUNTRY, Earl of Shrewsbury! I must draw to a close. I am a Repealer, as *you* once were; and Repeal, believe me, is not remote nor difficult. In spite of your Tory allies, faction is intrinsically fading in Ireland, and party designations are beginning to give way to the national denomination of Irishmen. Determined as they are upon peaceable, legal, and constitutional courses and no others; without infringing any law of man, or violating any command of God; in the abhorrence of any violation of property; and in the determination never to shed one drop of blood in our contest, we still “bide our time” and watch our opportunity. Attached to the throne by the tie of duty, and of affectionate veneration for the sovereign, we still know that the period cannot be remote when England will for her own safety want the heart as well as the arm of Ireland. And she *shall* have that heart and that arm. But Ireland *shall* have her own native parliament once again.

A wise minister may easily advise the exercise of the royal prerogative; and the parliament of Ireland, which “is not dead but only sleepeth,” may easily awaken in more than pristine majesty, and more than by-gone utility.

Grattan declared that he had watched at the cradle of Ireland and followed her hearse. He is reckoned amongst the illustrious dead. *I* live to sound the TRUMPET FOR HER RESURRECTION.

DANIEL O'CONNELL,  
LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.













